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CARDINAL NEWMAN

JOHN OLDCASTLE

THIRD EDITION

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CARDINAL NEWMAN

WITH NOTES ON THE OXFORD MOVEMENT AND ITS MEN

BY

JOHN OLDCASTLE

BURNS AND OATES

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J. O.

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TO

THE MOST EMINENT LORD

HENRY EDWARD

ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER

CARDINAL PRIEST OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH

OF THE TITLE OF SS. ANDREW AND GREGORY

ON THE CŒLIAN HILL:

WHENCE CAME TO THIS ENGLAND OF HIS LOVE

IN THE EARLY TIME

THOSE FIRST APOSTLES (HIS PROTOTYPES)

WHO PREACHED TO THE PEOPLE

THE GOSPEL OF REDEMPTION:—

IS INSCRIBED

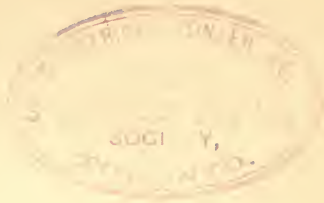
THIS RECORD OF A BROTHER

WHO SHARES WITH HIM TO-DAY

THE LOVE OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING CATHOLICS

AT HOME

AND IN MANY LANDS



CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Event of October, 1845.

ON the ninth of October, 1845, John Henry Newman, in consequence of "the development of Christian doctrine" within him, left the Anglican communion and was received into the Church of Rome. The significance of that event was immediately understood to be enormous; but those were early days; and the full force and effect of it, its action and its reaction, cannot be accurately estimated even yet.

To the friends whom he left, the transition of the late Vicar of St. Mary's—and, in all but name, the leader of the Oxford Movement—into a layman of the Church of Rome, was a grief and a regret comprehensible only to those who realize what that Church was traditionally supposed to be by Anglicans, even of the High type. At first Keble could not resist throwing out—at any rate to one friend—the supposition so commonly made on

kindred occasions, from the time of Festus down to our own—he really feared the excitement of events had been a little too much for Mr. Newman's brain. That was merely a mood, however, and did not show his heart. To a visitor, in the course of a walk, many years after, Keble pointed out a spot, saying:—

"Ah! that is a sad place; that is connected with the most painful event of my life. It was there that I first knew for certain that J. H. N. had left us. One day I received a letter in his handwriting. I felt sure of what it contained, and I carried it about with me all through the day, afraid to open it. At last I got away to that chalk-pit, and then, forcing myself to read the letter, I found that my forebodings had been too true; it was the announcement that he was gone."

How Pusey felt the parting is among the most affecting records of a history which, in other ways also, was a tragedy.

And not only to theologically-minded friends, but also to a little group of politicians, the month of October, in the year 1845, brought a day of doom. Lord Beaconsfield and the Young Englanders had never dreamed that without religion they could effect social regeneration; and to them, for the most part, religion appeared only in the guise of the Establishment. But against the efficacy of its administrations, the high priest of all that Young England venerated in Anglicanism now made protest, solemn and pronounced. Thus it was that Lord Beaconsfield, reviewing the history of that political movement, declared long afterwards that "the secession of Mr. Newman dealt a blow to the Anglican Church under which it still reels." Other Prime Ministers, one of them speaking from the standpoint of a Whig, have

made statements about the same event. Lord John Russell, in a speech on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill in the House of Commons, in 1851, alluded to "a person of great eminence, of great learning, of great talents, whom we all have to deplore as having ever left the Protestant Church and joined the Church of Rome—I mean Mr. Newman." And Mr. Gladstone has made several pronouncements, one more decisive than another, of the sense of grief and disaster which the secession of Mr. Newman brought upon him, and which he still retains. For even Mr. Gladstone, though so passionate a theologian, is a politician first and a theologian afterwards.

But what was loss and grief to some was joy and gain to others, a gain and a joy which politicians have not in their reckonings. It is curious enough to turn now to the *Tablet* of October 25, 1845, where it is speaking of that epoch-making incident. While the writer expresses a thankful welcome to Mr. Newman, his remarks are free—as the utterances of those who belong to something more than a paltry party or sect should ever be—from any display of unworthy triumph over the cause which had lost its leader. It says :—

"Our readers will naturally expect from us a few words on the subject of Mr. Newman's conversion, but we confess we find great difficulties in fulfilling that expectation. The subject is so wide and yet so simple, so personal and yet so diffusive, that we hardly know what to say or what to avoid saying. This great event has been looked for anxiously and long. It has been prayed for; it has been written for; it has been wished; it has been dreaded; it has at length come. So far as a remote observer can presume, imperfectly at best, to judge of character, the Anglican establishment has been deprived of the largest mind and the most penetrating intellect lately to be found, at least among her ecclesiastical children. . . . . He commenced, fifteen years ago, an ardent anti-

Romanist. During that time, with every prejudice against the truth, he has diligently laboured in his endeavours to place the Anglican theory on a sound basis in his own mind and before the public. He has tried scheme after scheme; step by step he has fallen back before the resistless onset of truth. He has yielded slowly—reluctantly we may say; surrendering no point gratuitously; even when defeated making use of his matchless ingenuity to discover standing-room where a less keen sight would have discovered nothing but a vacuum; entrenching himself stubbornly among ruins; every moment (we may imagine) checked in his course of retreat by the anxieties of his public position, and by reflecting how many looked up to him as a guide; and sparing no pains or labour to escape, if it might honestly be done, the last great painful satisfying change. . . . . We congratulate Mr. Newman warmly and with most devoted affection on his happy conversion, and our readers on their share in the fortunate event. God knows it fills us with a joy which we cannot adequately express, and with expectations sufficiently sanguine, we think, though not quite so sanguine as those of some better hopers among ourselves. May God prosper him every way; and from the first hour of his baptism to the last of his breath may the Almighty deign, after His own good will, to use him unremittingly in the noblest service this world can witness!"

Robbed of their colleges, despoiled of their churches, ostracized from civil life, the professions shut to them, their goods seized and their possessions subjected to special taxes and distraints, the Catholics of free England, when this century began, and Cardinal Newman with it, were in sorry plight as to their resources for acquiring learning and for celebrating their religion. Even their foes had begun to feel for them a generous compassion. True, the vital principle could not be destroyed. As in the catacombs, so now, if there were only wooden candlesticks, the priests were of gold; and though the collegiate halls might be humble enough, they enclosed such men as Lingard, the works of whose hands were to benefit

generations of students in those very seats of learning of which he, and such as he, had been disinherited.

And Oxford was to pay back that and many another service. By an irony of fate, this very *Alma Mater*, which had been appropriated to propagate the policy of the Eighth Harry, reared, as it were unconsciously, the noblest among its sons in this century to love the Old rather than the new, the Catholic rather than the insular, the Eternal rather than the temporary—in short, the Divine rather than the human. It was a debt to the starved and persecuted Church of those days due from the Oxford which had been founded and endowed by that same Church centuries earlier, in the hour when kings were its fathers and queens its nursing mothers. Right royally that debt was paid, and England is generous enough not to regret the day of restitution.

It seems, therefore, that some little memento of the event of October, 1845, after the lapse of forty years, may be fittingly made, especially in the form it here takes, by the employment of as few words as may be on the part of the compiler, and the presentment of as many as may be from the pen of Cardinal Newman himself, or from the pens of those who have been drawn to him in an especial manner—have felt the inspiration of his personality, and have followed him, some as strangers and afar off, with a life-long love.

THE NEWMAN FAMILY GROUP.

THE NEWMAN FAMILY GROUP.*

"It was in 1823 that Newman was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel; and it was always a comfort to him that he had been able to give his father this good news at a time of great sorrow and embarrassment. The father died not long after, and the family may be said then to have had no home. . . . . In the summer of 1829 the Newman family took a furnished cottage in a very out-of-the-way spot at Horspath, of which Dr. Ellerton, a well-known Fellow and tutor of Magdalen College, had charge. This was pleasant enough in the summer; but when Dornford, a Fellow of Oriel, who was serving Newnham Courtney, and had the use of a cottage there, offered it to the Newmans, they were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity, though the change did not bring them nearer Oxford. It was said to have been intended for the parsonage, but was by no means a picturesque building. Indeed in the Midlands it would have been set down as the habitation of a family of weavers or stockingers. It was not, however, without associations. Jean Jacques Rousseau occupied it for some time under the patronage of the Harcourt family, and is said to have sown seeds of many foreign wild flowers in spots where they were likely to grow. The fact of such plants being found about Newnham has been adduced to support the tradition that this is the true Auburn of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' . . . . A special interest attaches to this cottage from its being the scene of a remarkable family group, including the whole surviving Newman family, in chalk, by Miss Maria R. Giberne, an early and ardent admirer of Newman, and his follower to Rome."—*Rev. T. Mozley, M.A.* (*Cardinal Newman's brother-in-law*), *in his admirable "Reminiscences," which have the rare merit of being written about interesting men by an interesting man.*—[*Ed.*]

* Mrs. Newman, died 1836; Harriet m. Rev. J. Mozley; Jemima m. John Mozley; John Henry Newman; Francis W. Newman.

The Letters of Half a Lifetime.

THE following Collection of Letters written by Cardinal Newman during half a lifetime includes, of course, only those printed in periodicals, or those which, though addressed to private persons, have received the writer's sanction for their publication. One letter, written to the Bishop of Birmingham at the time of the Vatican Council, and already published, is not here reproduced, for a reason which it is hoped the reader will think sufficient—namely, that it was never intended for the public eye. Nor would it be considerate, or even candid, to publish that document apart from the history of the conditions under which it was written. Two other letters, addressed to the *Standard* in March, 1870, are not intelligible, save as a context to that private document it had put into print. The "Letters" to Dr. Pusey, on the "Eirenicon," and to the Duke of Norfolk, on the Civil Allegiance of Catholics, each a book by itself, naturally find no place in this Collection; and, for analogous reasons, is omitted the letter on Anglican Orders, addressed to Father Coleridge, S.J., in 1868, and republished in Mr. Lilly's "Characteristics." And since limitations of space compel further sacrifice, I have made it in the case of the communications most recently addressed from the Oratory at Birmingham to the outer world. And I console myself with the reflection that the letters thus absent are still fresh in the memory of that Young Generation which will draw from the Past in these pages a fresh affection for the subject of them; an affection destined to carry into the Future, from those who were his contemporaries to those who come after us, the traditions of a great epoch and of a venerable name.

GOOD-BYE.

To A NUMBER OF FRIENDS.

Littlemore, *October* 8, 1845.

I am this night expecting Father Dominic, the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St. John Baptist's Day last year.

He is a simple, holy man, and withal gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the one Fold of Christ.

RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH.

To the REV. T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

Littlemore, *October* 9, 1845.

MY DEAR ALLIES,

I am to be received into what I believe to be the one Church and the one Communion of Saints this evening, if it is so ordained. Father Dominic, the Passionist, is here, and I have begun my confession to him. I suppose two friends will be received with me.

May I have only one-tenth part as much faith as I have intellectual conviction where the truth lies! I do not suppose any one can have had such combined reasons pouring in upon him that he is doing right. So far I am most blessed; but, alas! my heart is so hard, and I am taking things so much as a matter of course, that I have been quite frightened lest I should not have faith and contrition enough to gain the benefit of the Sacraments. Perhaps faith and reason are incompatible in one person, or nearly so.

Ever yours, most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

To CARDINAL ACTON.*

November 25, 1845.

I hope you will have anticipated, before I express it, the great gratification which I received from your Eminence's letter. That gratification, however, was tempered by the apprehension that kind and anxious well-wishers at a distance attach more importance to my step than really belongs to it—to me, indeed, personally, it is of course an inestimable gain; but persons and things look great at a distance, which are not so when seen close; and, did your Eminence know me, you would see that I was one about whom there has been far more talk for good and bad than he deserves, and about whose movements far more expectation has been raised than the event will justify.

As I never, I do trust, aimed at anything else than obedience to my own sense of right, and have been magnified into the leader of a party without my wishing it, or acting as such, so now, much as I may wish to the contrary, and earnestly as I may labour (as is my duty) to minister in a humble way to the Catholic Church, yet my powers will, I fear, disappoint the expectations of both my own friends and of those who pray for the peace of Jerusalem.

If I might ask of your Eminence a favour, it is that you would kindly moderate those anticipations. Would it were in my power to do what I do not aspire to do! At present certainly I cannot look forward to the future, and though it would be a good work if I could persuade others to do as I have done, yet it seems as if I had quite enough to do in thinking of myself.

* Who had written a letter of very warm congratulation.—[ED.]

RENUNCIATION.

To A FRIEND.

January 20, 1846.

You may think how lonely I am. "*Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui*," has been in my ears for the last twelve hours. I realize more that we are leaving Littlemore, and it is like going on the open sea.

"WE ARE TO BE ORATORIANS."

To J. R. HOPE.*

[*Private.*]

Collegio di Prop., *February* 23, 1847.

MY DEAR HOPE,

I have been writing so very, very much lately, that now that I want to tell you something my hand is so tired that I can hardly write a word.

We are to be Oratorians. Mgr. Brunelli went to the Pope about it the day before yesterday, my birthday. The Pope took up the plan most warmly, as had Mgr. B., to whom we had mentioned it a month back. Mgr. had returned my paper, in which I drew out my plan, saying: "*Mi piace immensamente*," and repeated several times that the plan was "*ben ideata*." They have from the first been as kind to us as possible, and are ever willing to do anything for us.

I have been ever thinking of you, and you must have thought my silence almost unkind, but I waited to tell you something which would be real news. It is no secret that we are to be Oratorians; but, matters of detail being uncertain, you had better keep it to yourself. The Pope wishes us to come here, as many as can, form a House under an experienced Oratorian

* Afterwards known as Mr. Hope-Scott, Q.C., and still, in 1847, and for four years afterwards, a member of the Anglican Church. See his "Memoirs," by Mr. R. Ornsby, M.A. (2 vols. Murray).—[ED.]

Father, go through a noviciate, and return. Of course they will hasten us back as soon as they can, but that will depend on our progress. I suppose we shall set up in Birmingham.

You are not likely to know the very Jesuits of Propaganda. We are very fortunate in them. The Rector (Padre Bresciani) is a man of great delicacy and real kindness; our confessor, Father Ripetti, is one of the most excellent persons we have fallen in with, though I can't describe him to you in a few words. Another person we got on uncommonly with was Ghianda at Milan; Bellasis will have told you about him.

We owed a great deal to you there, and did not forget you, my dear Hope. Let me say it—O that God would give you the gift of faith! Forgive me for this. I know you will. It is of no use my plaguing you with many words. I want you for the Church in England, and the Church for you. But I must do my own work in my own place, and leave everything else to that inscrutable Will which we can but adore.

Well, our lot is fixed. What will come of it I know not. Don't think me ambitious. I am not. I have no views. It will be enough for me if I get into some active work and save my own soul.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"DREAMING SURELY!"

To the REV. T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

Maryvale, Perry Bar, *September* 6, 1848.

MY DEAR ALLIES,

Thank you for the pamphlet you have sent me by to-day's post, which, from its subject, I shall read with much interest. I was very glad to find my introduction was useful to you. You would have been much pleased with the Archbishop of

Besançon ; he has the reputation and the carriage of a very saintly man.

Glad as I am to be of service to you, it pains me more than you can understand to write to you. I cannot make out how you reconcile it with yourself to take up a position which so few people, if any, in the whole world ever did before you. You have, excuse me, no pretence to say you follow the Church of England. Do you follow her living authorities, or her Reformers, or Laud, or her liturgy, or her Articles? I cannot understand a man like you going by private judgment, though I can understand his thinking he goes by authority when he does not. I can understand a man identifying Laud with the Church of England, or Cranmer with the Church of England, but it amazes me to find him interpreting the Church of England by himself, and making himself the prophet and doctor of his Church. This, I suppose, you and a few others are now doing—calling *that* the Church of England which never was before so called since that Church was. I can't make out *how* you can be said to go by *authority* —and if not, are not you and all who do like you only taking up a form of liberalism? It puzzles me that people won't call things by their right names. Why not boldly discard what is no longer practically professed? Say that the Catholic Church *is not*—that it has broken up : this I understand. I don't understand saying that there is a Church, and one Church, and yet acting as if there were none or many. This is dreaming, surely.

Excuse this freedom. I don't wish, as you may well suppose, to get up a controversy, when we both have so much to do ; but when I think of your position and that of others, I assure you it frightens me.

Ever yours, most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

DECLINES AN UNPROFITABLE CONTROVERSY.

To the Rev. T. W. Allies, M.A.

Maryvale, Perry Bar, *September* 16, 1848.

My dear Allies,

I write you a line to acknowledge yours,* lest you should think it unkind in me not to do so—not as if I intended to take up your time, as I said in my former letter, with argument. Were it worth while doing so, and were time cheap, there would be much to say on various points you bring forward; but I intended my letter merely as a protest, lest you should think me other than I am. And, assuring you I often think of you at sacred times,

I am, my dear Allies,

Very sincerely yours,

John H. Newman.

CERTAIN MODERN HAGIOLOGY.

To Father F. W. Faber.

Maryvale, *October* 30, 1848.

My dear Father Wilfrid,†

I have consulted the Fathers who are here on the subject of the "Lives of the Saints," and we have come to the

* Mr. Allies, in reply to the letter just given, which he calls "a sharply-pointed shaft," had written "a sketch of the course pursued in the last three years, and a sort of challenge to point out where I had been wrong."—[Ed.]

† Father Faber, who had resigned the Rectory of Elton and become a Catholic a few weeks after Mr. Newman's conversion, was at this time (and until he became Superior of the London Community, formed a little later,) with the first Oratorian Community, established at Maryvale with Father Newman as Superior. One of his first literary labours as a Catholic was to edit a series of "Lives of the Saints," which an older Catholic, speaking in the name of a large body of his fellows, protested against as "reducing Religion to an unmeaning course of puerilities." Hence the cessation of the series in 1848.—[Ed.]

unanimous conclusion of advising you to suspend the series at present.

It appears there is a strong feeling against it on the part of a portion of the Catholic community in England, on the ground, as we are given to understand, that the lives of Foreign Saints, however edifying in their respective countries, are unsuited to England, and unacceptable to Protestants. To this feeling we consider it a duty, for the sake of peace, to defer.

For myself, you know well, without my saying it, how absolutely I identify myself with you in this matter; but, as you may have to publish this letter, I make it an opportunity, which has not yet been given me, of declaring that I have no sympathy at all with the feeling to which I have alluded, and, in particular, that no one can assail your name without striking at mine.*

Ever your affectionate Friend and Brother,
in Our Lady and St. Philip,

J. H. NEWMAN,
Congr. Orat. Presb.

"WHY I LEFT THE ANGLICAN CHURCH."

To the REV. T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

Oratory, Alcester Street, Birmingham, *February* 20, 1849.

Thank you very much, my dear Allies, for your most interesting, and, if I might use the word without offence,

* Later, Dr. Newman, in his letter to Dr. Pusey on the "Eirenicon," wrote: "When I returned to England, the first expression of theological opinion which came in my way was *à propos* of a translated series of Saints' Lives, which the late Dr. Faber originated. That expression proceeded from a wise prelate, who was properly anxious as to the line which might be taken by the Oxford Converts. . . . . If at that time I was betrayed into any acts which were of a more extreme character than I should approve now, the responsibility, of course, is mine; but the impulse came, not from old Catholics or Superiors, but from men whom I loved and trusted, who were younger than myself. . . . . My mind in no long time fell back to what seems to me a safer and more practical course."—[ED.]

hopeful book.* It cannot be but it must subserve the cause of Catholic unity, of which you must know I think there is but one way. You do me injustice if you think, as I half gathered from a sentence in it, that I speak contemptuously of those who now stand where I have stood myself. But persons like yourself should recollect that *the* reason *why* I left the Anglican Church was that I thought salvation was not to be found in it. This feeling could not stop there. If it led me to leave Anglicanism, it necessarily led me, and leads me, to wish others to leave it. The position of those who leave it, in the only way in which I think it justifiable to leave it, is necessarily one of *hostility* to it. To leave it merely as *a* branch of the Catholic Church, for another which I liked better, would have been to desert without reason the post where Providence put me. It is impossible, then, but that a convert, if justifiable on the grounds of his conversion, must be an enemy of the Communion he has left, and more intensely so than a foreigner who knows nothing about that Communion at all.

Moreover he will feel most anxiously about those whom he has left in it, lest they should be receiving grace which ought to bring them into the Catholic Church, yet are in the way to quench it, and to sink into a state in which there is no hope.

Especially will he be troubled at those who put themselves forward as teachers of a system which they cannot trace to any set of men, or any doctor, before themselves; who give up history, documents, theological authors; and maintain that it is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost to deny the signs of Catholicism and Divine acceptance, as a *fact*, in the existing bearing and action of their Communion.

But of such as you, my dear Allies, I will even augur better

* This was the "Journal of a Tour in France," which Mr. Allies, then Vicar of Launton, published as "a debt I seemed to owe to the Roman Church," to whose practical mission he paid a tribute more unusual than it now is from a Protestant pen.—[ED.]

things, and hope against hope, and believe the day will come when (excuse me) you will confess that you have been in a dream; and meanwhile I will not cease to say Mass for you, and all who stand where you stand, on the tenth day of every month, unless something very particular occur.

Again begging you to excuse this freedom, I am,

My dear Allies,

Most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

A DEDICATION.

To the RIGHT REV. N. WISEMAN, D.D., Vicar Apostolic of the London District.

[*Afterwards First Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.*]

MY DEAR LORD,

I present for your Lordship's kind acceptance and patronage the first work which I publish as a Father of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.* I have a sort of claim upon your permission to do so, as a token of my gratitude and affection towards your Lordship, since it is to you principally that I owe it, under God, that I am a client and subject, however unworthy, of so great a Saint.

When I found myself a Catholic, I also found myself in your Lordship's district, and, at your suggestion, I first moved into your immediate neighbourhood, and then, when your Lordship further desired it, I left you for Rome. Then it was my blessedness to offer myself, with the condescending approval of the Holy Father, to the service of St. Philip, of whom I had so often heard you speak before I left England, and whose bright

* "Discourses to Mixed Congregations" (Burns & Oates).—[ED.]

and beautiful character had won my devotion even when I was a Protestant.

You see then, my dear Lord, how much you have to do with my present position in the Church. But your concern with it is greater than I have yet stated, for I cannot forget that when, in the year 1839, a doubt first crossed my mind of the tenableness of the theological theory on which Anglicanism is based, it was caused in no slight degree by the perusal of a controversial paper, attributed to your Lordship, on the schism of the Donatists.

That the glorious intercession of St. Philip may be the reward of your faithful devotion to himself, and of your kindness to me, is

My dear Lord,
While I ask your Lordship's blessing on me and mine,
The earnest prayer of
Your Affectionate Friend and Servant,
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
Of the Oratory.

In Fest. S. Caroli. 1849.

A CONVERSION.

To the REV. T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

Oratory, Birmingham, *May* 23, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLIES,

Your most welcome letter came to me only this morning;* and, while it gave me most sincere pleasure, it vexed me much to think that I should not be in town this week.

* Containing the intelligence that Mrs. Allies intended to become a Catholic, and asking Father Newman if he could meet her in London, to receive her. Her husband, whom she preceded into the Church, wrote at the time: "It is not, I suppose, by the way of study that either the female sex in general, or the poor, or the great mass of mankind, are intended to arrive at truth. In this case it has often occured to me that some such process

In truth I have been quite knocked up with my lectures. I have two to do for next week, hardly begun, and, though I am usually well, a matter of this kind generally oversets me. I have face-ache at night and am much pulled down; and, did I attempt to go to town till next week, I am certain I should not have my lectures ready for the days appointed. I was writing till the last minute before delivering my last.

It is a great grief to me to keep Mrs. Allies in suspense, for I know how painful a time that is. However, I will receive her, if all is well, and if it suits her, early on Thursday morning, Corpus Christi day, if she wishes it. I cannot come up before. Wednesday is St. Philip's Day, our Founder. I keep it here, and go up to King William Street in the evening, when I have Dr. Wiseman at supper as my guest.

I enclose a little book for Mrs. Allies and a medal—let her wear it, and every day use the Memorare, if she can find it, in

as the following took place. Marrying very young, and with religious views totally unformed, she naturally looked to her husband for guidance in such matters. Now, she was a close witness, for eight years, of the mental conflict which I had to go through; of my being disgraced in London for going further than the Bishop of London's 'moderate Oxford;' . . . . of my going down to a neglected country parish, and making an attempt to humanize and Christianize it, which totally failed; of the gradual accretion of Catholic principles and practices which I took up; of the wretchedness produced in me by the inadequacy of Anglican rites; of the accounts which I gave of death-beds; of studies in the Roman controversy which, while they resulted in what professed to be a defence of Anglicanism, left me more wretched, if possible, than when I entered upon them; of counter-experiences in the actual Catholicism of the Continent, which pointed to that as the true Church in as great a degree as the past experiences of Anglicanism discredited that form of religion; of most unfair treatment undergone for the free exhibition of these conclusions, and now at last of a community torn to pieces by intestine divisions. Then, again, she found a comfort in Catholic books of devotion which was wanting to the Anglican. And so, grace acting in and through all these means, she saw the conclusion before I did, having perhaps less obstinacy and more simplicity." But not long before; for Mr. Allies was received into the Church by Father Newman on the 11th of September, 1850. See his uniquely frank and eloquent religious autobiography—"A Life's Decision" (Kegan Paul, 1880).—[ED.]

the "Golden Manual," kissing it. And let her say once a day the Litany of Penance in the "Golden Manual."

I write this on the supposition she resolves to wait till next week; but she may prefer to be received at once. There is a quiet old priest, called Wilds, who received a friend of mine, close to Dr. Wiseman's (10, Upper John Street). I don't think I should like you to mention my name as sending you, lest he should not be able to refuse you, since he is very old. He would receive you very kindly, if you said you were a friend of mine and began talking of me.*

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"THE CLAIMS OF CHARITY ABOVE THE PRAISE OF CRITICS."

To the RIGHT REV. WILLIAM BERNARD ULLATHORNE, D.D., O.S.B., Vicar Apostolic of the Central District.
(*Now Bishop of Birmingham.*)

MY DEAR LORD,

In gaining your Lordship's leave to place the following volume under your patronage,† I fear I may seem to the world to have asked what is more gracious in you to grant, than becoming or reasonable in me to have contemplated. For what assignable connection is there between your Lordship's name and a work, not didactic, not pastoral, not ascetical, not devotional, but for the most part simply controversial, directed moreover, against a mere transitory phase in an accidental school of opinion, and for that reason, both in its matter and its argument, only of local interest and ephemeral importance?

* Mrs. Allies did not wish to delay till Dr. Newman's visit; and she was reconciled, therefore, by Mr. Wilds.—[ED.]

† The dedication, dated July, 1850, of "Certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans in Catholic Teaching" (Burns & Oates).—[ED.]

Such a question may obviously be put to me; nor can I answer it except by referring to the well-known interest which your Lordship has so long taken in the religious party to which I have alluded, and the joy and thankfulness with which you have welcomed the manifestations of God's grace, as often as first one and then another of their number has in turn emerged from the mists of error into the light and peace of Catholic truth.

Whatever, then, your Lordship's sentiments may be of the character of the work itself, I persuade myself that I may be able suitably to present it to you, in consideration of the object it has in view; and that you, on your part, will not repent of countenancing an author who, in the selection of his materials, would fain put the claims of charity above the praise of critics, and feels it is a better deed to write for the present moment than for posterity.

Begging your Lordship's blessing,

I am, my dear Lord,

Your Lordship's faithful and grateful servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Of the Oratory.

A QUESTION OF STUDIES AND AUTHORS.

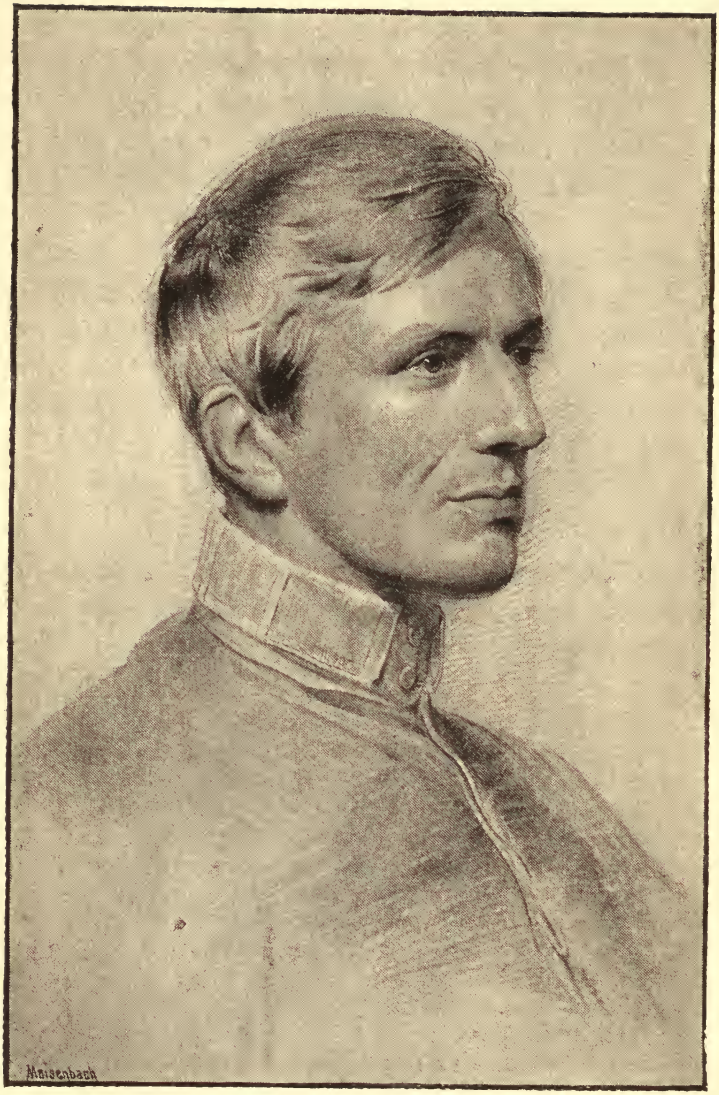
To T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

Oratory, Birmingham, *October* 8, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLIES,

I don't know how to answer your question. I was thinking of the effect on my own mind of reading various Catholic divines—*e.g.*, falling back upon Billuart after reading Suarez and Vasquez, or upon Tournely. You yourself give an instance of it in your quotation from Bossuet, in the early part of your work just published.

Nothing can be better than the Treatise on Grace, if you



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN IN 1844.

(*After a Portrait by* G. RICHMOND, R.A.)

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN IN 1844.

IN 1844, a few months before his reception into the Church, Dr. Newman, at the instance of his friend, Mr. Henry Wilberforce, gave sittings to Mr. George Richmond, R.A., for a portrait, of which a sketch is here given. Some years later an engraving was published, and from this our reproduction is made. The original portrait is in the possession of Mr. Wilberforce's sons, at Kensington, and it differs from the engraving in the manner of the dress, inasmuch as the outline of an Anglican clergyman's costume has been transformed by the engraver into that of the costume of a Catholic priest. The copyright of the picture belongs to Mr. Thomas M'Lean, to whom our readers are indebted for its presentment to them in this form. For the portrait which forms the frontispiece of the volume, equal obligations may here be acknowledged to Mr. Barraud.—[ED.]

wish a subject. Tournely is reckoned best.* It is certainly exceedingly good, and to me more interesting than Suarez. But Suarez, of course, is the greater writer. Viva, though short, is a writer I like, particularly when taken in connection with his Damnatæ Theses. St. Thomas himself would be most instructive. But, anyhow, go to a real thorough thinker, though a partisan—not to a mere expounder of results, or an eschewer of scholastic quarrels, as Perrone, useful and accurate as he is. The fault of Suarez is his great length. I speak diffidently, for tastes differ so, but I should prefer to recommend to you Tournely.

I am exceedingly pleased with what I have read of your new work ("The See of St. Peter," etc.), but have not yet finished it. The argument is very well and powerfully put.

So you are going back to Paris ; I don't think you can be sorry hereafter for having done so. I heard from Wilberforce yesterday, and was surprised to find he was looking out for employment. I should not wonder if he found he had a turn for small boys. He now is afraid of Rome, from the expense.†

* The writer of this letter is speaking distinctly and only of Tournely *de Gratiâ*.

† Henry Wilberforce, son of the slave emancipator, and brother of Archdeacon Robert Isaac Wilberforce, and of Mr. William Wilberforce, who, like himself, became Catholics, as well as of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. After resigning the living of East Farleigh in Kent, and sustaining, besides, a heavy loss through the defalcation of an agent, Mr. Henry Wilberforce must have been perplexed in what direction to turn his hand most usefully; but he found field for his ripe learning in literary work, and he earned the gratitude of Catholics by reviving and conducting the *Weekly Register*. Besides this monument to his memory, there are sayings of his which will be gratefully held in mind as the rare witticisms uttered during an anxious and a soul-stirring period in the history of religion in England in this century. He it was who, in those troublous times, when, as Mr. Gladstone said of Cardinal Newman's secession, "A great luminary drew after him a third part of the stars of Heaven," summed up Dr. Pusey's belief as "Credo in Lydiam Sellon." He was wont, we are told, to walk about, repeating to himself, "He believes in twelve women, he believes in twelve women." Mr. Allies himself, even more than Mr. Henry Wilberforce, was harassed by the material considerations alluded to by Father Newman. "No occupation or maintenance for the

I wait to say three Masses for you—are there any days you would prefer? I am not engaged on many.

Ever yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Congr. Orat.

"PUSEY AND SANGUINENESS."

To T. W. ALLIES, M.A.

Oratory, Birmingham, *October* 11, 1850.

MY DEAR ALLIES,

We shall be glad to see you at any time; but I am sorry to say that I *cannot* be *sure* whether we shall have room inside the house. At present three of our party are away, or rather a fourth, whose room B—— occupies, but I don't know quite when they return. Even if, however, by bad luck, we were full, we would manage for you in some way.

We set up formally the London House on the anniversary of my reception. Thank you for remembering it.

They are now quite separate from us and me. It is a sorrowful thing, and anxious, yet hopeful.

I have just received Maskell's able and settling pamphlet, but I am very sorry the three letters did not appear, as you intended, immediately on their being written. Then they would have produced an effect. The *question* would have

future," he tells us, "presented itself; as to temporal matters a more arid waste of years could not stretch itself before the fainting traveller than then encompassed us. The convert in the first three centuries often met at once the Roman axe, or the torturing hook or scourge, and was released after a glorious conflict; but here the trial, if not so sharp, was far more prolonged. An indeterminate space of time, dark and unredeemed by hope, opened its illimitable lowering desert before us. The first taste of it was utter uncertainty *what* to do, with the necessity of *doing* at once." To Henry W. Wilberforce "Callista" is dedicated in these words: "To you alone, who have known me so long, and who love me so well, could I venture to offer a trifle like this. But you will recognize the author in his work, and take pleasure in the recognition.—J. H. N."—[ED.]

been before the world, and the *doubt* would have thrown the *onus probandi* on Pusey. Now, it is to be feared, the *onus probandi* will be upon the "Why should I read Maskell?" The more I think of it, the more I regret it.

Dear C. Marriott could make up his mind to-morrow to be a Catholic, if he would; at least this is my feeling, though you have seen him so much lately, and I not. I don't think he has any argument, unless arguments have grown on him, except Pusey and sanguineness.

All kind thoughts of Mrs. Allies.

Believe me, ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Congr. Orat.

DIFFICULTIES OF ANGLICANS.

To J. R. HOPE, Q.C.

Oratory, Birmingham, *November* 20, 1850.

MY DEAR HOPE,

It is with the greatest pleasure I have just read the letter you wrote to Bathurst. I now fully see that your silence has arisen merely from the difficulty of writing to one in another communion, and the irksomeness and indolence (if you will let me so speak) we all feel in doing what is difficult, what may be misconceived, and what can scarcely have object or use.

I know perfectly well, my dear Hope, your great moral and intellectual qualities, and will not cease to pray that the grace of God may give you the obedience of faith, and use them as His instruments.

For myself—I say it from my heart—I have not had a single doubt, or temptation to doubt, since I became a Catholic.

I believe this to be the case with most men; it certainly is

with those with whom I am in habits of intimacy. My great temptation is to be at *peace*, and let things go on as they will, and not trouble myself about others. This being the case, your recommendation that I should "take a review of doctrine and of the difficulties which beset it to an Anglican," is anything but welcome, and makes me smile.

Surely, enough has been written: all the writing in the world would not destroy the necessity of faith. If all were now made clear to reason, where would be the exercise of faith? The single question is whether *enough* has not been done to reduce the difficulties so far as to hinder them absolutely blocking up the way, or excluding those direct and large arguments on which the reasonableness of faith is built.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

A RENEWED FRIENDSHIP.*

To J. R. HOPE, Q.C.

Oratory, Birmingham, *November* 29, 1850.

MY DEAR HOPE,

I write a line to thank you for your letter, and to say how glad I shall be to hear from you, as you half propose, whether or not I am able to say anything to your satisfaction, which would be a greater and different pleasure.

* In reply to Dr. Newman, Mr. Hope had written to him from Abbotsford: "The receipt of your letter gave me sincere pleasure. It renews a correspondence which I value very highly and which my own stupidity had interrupted. Offence I had never taken, but causes such as you describe much better than I could have done were the occasion of my silence. You may now find that you have brought more trouble on yourself, for there are many things on which I should like to ask you questions, and I know that your time is already much engaged."—[ED.]

It makes me smile to hear you talk of getting older. What must I feel, whose life is gone ere it is well begun ?

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Congr. Orat.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL.

To the MOST REVEREND PAUL, Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland.*

MY DEAR LORD PRIMATE,

It is the infelicity of the moment at which I write that it is not allowed me to place the following pages under the patronage of the successor of St. Patrick with the ceremony and observance due to so great a name, without appearing to show disrespect to an act of Parliament.

Such appearance a Catholic is bound to avoid whenever it is possible. The authority of the civil power is based on sanctions so solemn and august, and the temporal blessings which all classes derive from its protection are so many, that both on Christian principles and from motives of expediency, it is ever a duty, unless religious considerations intervene, to profess a simple deference to its enunciations and a hearty concurrence in its very suggestions ; but how can I deny of your Grace what may almost be called a dogmatic fact, that you are what the Catholic Church has made you ?

Evil, however, is never without its alleviation ; and I think I shall have your Grace's concurrence if, in the present instance, I recognize the operation, already commenced, of that unfailing law of Divine Providence by which all events, prosperous or adverse, are made to tend, in one way or other, to the triumph of our Religion. The violence of our enemies has

* The dedication, dated from Birmingham, September, 1851, of "Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England" (Burns & Oates).—[ED.]

thrown us back upon ourselves and upon each other; and though it needed no adventitious cause to lead me to aspire to the honour of associating my name with that of your Grace, whose kindness I had already experienced so abundantly when I was in Rome in 1847, yet the present circumstances furnish a motive of their own for my turning my eyes in devotion and affection to the Primate of that ancient and glorious and much-enduring Church—the Church of Ireland—who, from her own past history, can teach her restored English Sister how to persevere in the best of causes, and can interchange with her, amid trials common to both, the tenderness of Catholic sympathy and the power of Catholic intercession.

Begging from your Grace, for me and mine, the fulness of St. Patrick's benediction,

I am, my dear Lord Primate,

Your Grace's faithful and affectionate servant,

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
Of the Oratory.

VISIT TO ABBOTSFORD.

To J. R. HOPE, Q.C.

Birmingham, *October* 29, 1852.

It would be a great pleasure to spend some time with you,* and then I have ever had the extremest sympathy for

* In answer to an invitation to Abbotsford, from Mr. Hope, now a Catholic, who wrote: "I am much grieved by the account of your health. You would confer on us the *greatest* pleasure, and would at the same time secure your doctor's object, if you would come and spend with us three or four months. You can say Mass at your own hour, observe your own ways in everything, and feel all the time, I hope, perfectly at home." The Cardinal spent five weeks at Abbotsford. Mr. Hope-Scott's reception into the Church, took place with Archdeacon Manning's on Passion Sunday, 1851, at the Jesuit Church in Farm Street. Mr. Gladstone wrote to him on that occasion: "Separated we are, but I hope and think not yet estranged. Were I more estranged I should bear the separation better. Why should I

Walter Scott, that it would delight me to see his place. When he was dying, I was saying prayers (whatever they are worth) for him continually, thinking of Keble's words, "Think on the minstrel as ye kneel."

BROTHERS.

To the VERY REV. H. E. [*now Cardinal*] MANNING.*

MY DEAR DR. MANNING,

On this day, when you are celebrating the opening of your new Church and Mission at Bayswater, I am led to hope, since I cannot give you my presence on so happy an occasion, that you will accept from me this small volume instead, as my act of devotion to the great St. Charles, St. Philip's friend and your patron, and as some sort of memorial of the friendship which there has been between us for nearly thirty years.

I am,
My dear Dr. Manning,
Ever yours affectionately,
JOHN H. NEWMAN,
Of the Oratory.

In Fest. B.V.M., 1857.

be estranged from you? I honour you even in what I think your error. It seems to me as though, in these fearful times, events were more and more growing too large for our puny grasp. 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,' is still our prayer in common: the same prayer in the same sense; and a prayer which absorbs every other." Dr. W. K. Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, in a letter to Mr. Hope-Scott, said, some years later: "Few trials of my life I have felt with such keenness as my separation from two such friends, from whom I have learnt so much, and whom I have loved and love so dearly as Manning and yourself." Bishop Philpotts—Henry of Exeter—was wont in old days to say there were three men to whom the country had chiefly to look in the coming time—Manning in the Church [of England], Gladstone in the State, and Hope in the Law.—[ED.]

* The Dedication of "Sermons Preached on Various Occasions" (Burns & Oates).—[ED.]

"THE PASSAGE OF TIME IS NOW SAD TO ME AS WELL AS AWFUL."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

The Oratory, *Christmas Eve*, 1857.

I was rejoiced to hear so good an account of your health and of all your party. I suppose you are full of plans about your new property and your old. Your sister tells me you have got into your new wing at Abbotsford. As for the far-away region, of which I have not yet learned the name,* I suppose you are building there either a fortress against evil times, or a new town and port for happy times. Have you yet found gold on your estate?—for that seems the fashion.

I am glad to call to mind and commemorate by a letter the pleasant days I passed in the North this time five years. Five years has a melancholy sound to me now, for it is like a passing-bell, knolling away time. I hope it is not wrong to say that the passage of time is now sad to me as well as awful, because it brings before me how much I ought to have done, how much I have to do, and how little time I have to do it in. I wonder whether Badeley is with you? What a strange thing life is! We see each other as through the peep-holes of a show. When had I last a peep at him or you?

ROMAN *versus* GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.†

January 2, 1859.

For myself, I have never set myself against the adoption of Gothic architecture in ecclesiastical structures. For a while I thought of adopting it for the church which I have built in

* Dorlin, the "new property" just referred to, now belonging to Lord Howard of Glossop.—[ED.]

† Some admirer of Pugin at St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, had launched severe epithets against Dr. Newman's church in Dublin, and had been taken to task by the writer of a pamphlet entitled "A Word to the Goths." The authorship of the pamphlet was assigned to Dr. Newman, who, while writing a disclaimer, added what is printed above.—[ED.]

Dublin ; but I cannot approve of the intolerance of some of its admirers. I think it the most beautiful of architectural styles ; but I claim the liberty of preferring, for the purposes of worship and devotion, a description of building which, though not so beautiful in outline, is more in accordance with the ritual of the present day, which is more cheerful in its interior, and which admits more naturally of rich materials, of large pictures or mosaics, and of mural decoration.

PIUS IX.

To VISCOUNT FEILDING (now EARL OF DENBIGH).

Edgbaston, *February* 13, 1860.

MY DEAR LORD FEILDING,

Although I cannot promise myself the pleasure of attending the public meeting over which you are to preside to-morrow,* on the subject of the Pope's present afflictions, I yield to no one in the feelings to which it proposes to give utterance ; and I trust my handwriting may be allowed to speak for me instead of my presence with the Right Rev. Prelate and the Catholics assembled on the occasion. If ever there was a Pontiff who had a claim on our veneration by his virtues, on our affection by his personal bearing, and on our devotion by his sufferings ; whose nature it is to show kindness, and whose portion it is to reap disappointment, it is his present Holiness. If ever a Pope deserved to live in the hearts of his own subjects, and to inspire at home the homage which he commands abroad, it is Pius the Ninth. From the hour that he ascended the throne he has aimed at the welfare of his States, temporal as well as spiritual; and up to this day he has gained in return little else than calumny and ingratitude. How great is his trial! But it is the lot of Popes, as of other men, to receive in their generation the least thanks where they

* Held at Birmingham, February 14, 1860.—[ED.]

deserve the most. However, these reflections will doubtless be far better expressed in the eloquent speeches which will form the chief business of the evening, and I shall best consult for the object they have in view by bringing this letter to an end, and subscribing myself,

Dear Lord Feilding,

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"THE YEAR SEEMS STREWN WITH LOSSES."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

The Oratory, Birmingham, *October* 1, 1860.

MY DEAR HOPE-SCOTT,

I value extremely the present you have made me;* first of all for its own sake, as deepening, by the view which it gives me of yourself, the affection and the reverence which I feel towards you, and next I feel your kindness in thus letting me see your intimate thoughts; and I rejoice to know that, in spite of our being so divided one from another, as I certainly do not forget you, so you are not unmindful of me. The march of time is very solemn now—the year seems strewn with losses; and to hear from you is like hearing the voice of a friend on a field of battle. I am surprised to find you in London now. For myself, I have not quitted this place, or seen London, since last May year, when I was there for a few hours, and called on Badeley.

If he is in town, say to him everything that is kind from me when you see him.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

Of the Oratory

* A copy of verses written by Mr. Hope-Scott, concerning the great sorrow of the winter of 1858, when he lost, within a few weeks of each other, his wife (*née* Charlotte Lockhart) and his two children.—[ED.]

"A SUPREME SATISFACTION."

To the Editor of THE GLOBE.

SIR,

A friend has sent me word of a paragraph about me, which appeared in your paper of yesterday, to the effect that "I have left, or am about to leave, my Oratory at Brompton, of which I have been for several years the head, as a preliminary, in the expectation of my private friends, to my return to the Church of England."

I consider that you have transferred this statement into your columns from those of a contemporary in order to give me the opportunity of denying it, if I am able to do so. Accordingly, I lose not an hour in addressing these lines to you, which I shall be obliged by your giving at once to the public.

The paragraph is utterly unfounded in every portion of it.

1. For the last thirteen years I have been head of the Birmingham Oratory. I am head still; and I have no reason to suppose I shall cease to be head unless advancing years should incapacitate me for the duties of my station.

2. On the other hand, from the time I founded the London Oratory, now at Brompton, twelve years ago, I have had no jurisdiction over it whatever; and so far from being its head, it so happens that I have not been within its walls for the last seven years.

3. I have not had one moment's wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold, and ever have held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ; and I ever have had, and have still, an unclouded faith in her creed in all its articles; a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline, and teaching; and an eager longing and a hope against hope that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness.

4. This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention, and never had any intention, of leaving the Catholic Church and becoming a Protestant again, would be superfluous, except that Protestants are always on the look-out for some loophole or evasion in a Catholic's statement of fact. Therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess *ex animo*, with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No! "The net is broken, and we are delivered." I should be a consummate fool (to use a mild term) if in my old age I left "the land flowing with milk and honey" for the city of confusion and the house of bondage.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory, Birmingham, June 28 [1862].

THE ARGUMENT OF TRACT 90.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

February 24, 1863.

SIR,

It would be great impertinence in me to say one word on the subject of the Oxford controversy which has lately occupied your columns, nor do I write this with any such intention. But Mr. Maurice has thought fit to introduce my name into his criticisms on Dr. Pusey, and to cast imputations on me, which, as a matter personal to myself, I think you will in fairness allow me to repel.

I would rather be judged by my own words than by Mr. Maurice's interpretation of them. I distinctly repudiate his

accusation that I maintained either in TRACT 90 or elsewhere the right of a man's subscribing the Thirty-nine Articles in a non-natural sense. Nor ought he to speak from mere memory, as he seems to confess he did, when making a serious charge against another. I maintained in TRACT 90 that the Thirty-nine Articles ought to be subscribed in the "literal and grammatical sense;" but I maintained also that they were so drawn up as to admit, in that grammatical sense, of subscription on the part of persons who differed very much from each other in the judgment which they formed of Catholic doctrine.

I ask your permission to quote the passage to which Mr. Maurice refers:—

"Their framers constructed them in such a way as best to comprehend those who did not go so far in Protestantism as themselves. Anglo-Catholics, then, are but the successors and representatives of those moderate Reformers; and their case has been directly anticipated in the wording of the Articles. It follows that they are not perverting, they are using them for an express purpose, for which, among others, their authors framed them. The interpretation they take was intended to be admissible, though not that which the authors took themselves. Had it not been provided for, possibly the Articles never would have been accepted by our Church at all. If, then, their framers have gained their side of the compact in effecting the reception of the Articles, let Catholics have theirs too in retaining the Catholic imterpretation of them."—*Tract* 90, pp. 81 and 82 (first edition, *February*, 1841).

After illustrating my position from Burnet, I end the TRACT with the following allusion to M. Guizot and M. Thiers:—

"What has lately taken place in the political world will afford an illustration in point. A French Minister, desirous of war, nevertheless, as a matter of policy, draws up his State papers in such moderate language that his successor, who is for peace, can act up to them without compromising his own principles. The world, observing this, has considered it a circumstance for congratulation, as if the former Minister, who acted a double part, had been caught in his own snare. It is neither decorous, nor necessary, nor altogether fair, to urge the parallel rigidly; but it will explain what it is here meant to convey. The Protestant confession was drawn up with the purpose of including Catholics, and Catholics now will not be excluded. What was an economy in the Reformers is a protection to us. What would have been a perplexity to us then is a perplexity to Protestants now. We could not then have found fault with their words; they cannot now repudiate our meaning." —(P. 83.)

I will take this opportunity of adding that I never held that persons who subscribed the Thirty-nine Articles were at liberty to hold *all* Roman doctrine; but I aimed in TRACT 90 to open the Articles as widely *towards* all Roman doctrine as was consistent with that "literal and grammatical sense" which, at page 80, I professed to be maintaining.

I have wished to confine myself in the above to matters of fact; and with the same view I am bound, in justice to Dr. Pusey, to state, what perhaps no one but myself is in a position to testify—viz., that he had no responsibility in the publication of the TRACT, and has no responsibility in regard to it to this day, except so far as he has in writing committed himself to portions of it, or to certain of its principles. He defended me, when it excited notice, from the generosity which is his characteristic; but I am quite certain that he did not like it as a whole, and in all its parts.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory, Birmingham.

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH "A SERVICEABLE BREAKWATER."

To the Editor of THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

The Oratory, Birmingham, *November* 19, 1865.

SIR,

I beg leave to call your attention to a passage in your admirable Review* last week of Dr. Pusey's recent work. It is there asserted by implication that "the statement that the Church of England is, in God's hands, the great bulwark against infidelity in this land," was "originally enunciated by Dr. Newman."

I have written in my lifetime a great deal more than I can

* From the pen of Father Lockhart.—[ED.]

remember, but I neither know where I have made this particular statement, nor can I conceive I ever made it, whether in print, in private letter, or in conversation. And I am sure I should not have made it deliberately. Certainly, it does not express my real judgment concerning the Church of England. Nor have I any reason to think that Dr. Pusey ascribes it to me.

What I said in my "Apologia" was this: "Doubtless the National Church has hitherto been a serviceable breakwater against doctrinal errors more fundamental than its own."

The words "serviceable" and "breakwater" both convey the idea of something accidental and *de facto;* whereas a bulwark is an essential part of the thing defended. Moreover, in saying "against doctrinal errors more fundamental than its own," I simply meant that, while it happens to serve Catholic truth in one respect, nevertheless in another it has doctrinal errors, and those fundamental.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

POETRY AND LAW.

To EDWARD BADELEY.

The Oratory, *December* 21, 1867.

MY DEAR BADELEY,

I have not been without apprehension lest, in dedicating to you a number of poetical compositions,* I should hardly be making a suitable offering to a member of a grave profession, which is especially employed in rubbing off the gloss with which imagination and sentiment invest matters of every-day life, and in reducing statements of fact to their legitimate dimensions. And, besides this, misgivings have not unnaturally come over me on the previous question; viz., whether, after all,

* "Verses on Various Occasions."—[ED.]

the contents of the volume are of sufficient importance to make it an acceptable offering to any friend whatever.

And I must frankly confess, as to the latter difficulty, that certainly it never would have occurred to me thus formally to bring together into one effusions which I have ever considered ephemeral, had I not lately found from publications of the day, what I never suspected before, that there are critics, and they strangers to me, who think well both of some of my compositions and of my power of composing. It is this commendation, bestowed on me to my surprise as well as to my gratification, which has encouraged me just now to republish what I have from time to time written ; and if, in doing so, I shall be found, as is not unlikely, to have formed a volume of unequal merit, my excuse must be, that I despair of discovering any standard by which to discriminate aright between one poetical attempt and another. Accordingly, I am thrown, from the nature of the case, whether I will or no, upon my own judgment, which, biassed by the associations of memory and by personal feelings, and measuring, perhaps, by the pleasure of verse-making, the worth of the verse, is disposed either to preserve them all, or to put them all aside.

Here another contrast presents itself between the poetical art and the science of law. Your profession has its definitive authorities, its prescriptions, its precedents, and its principles, by which to determine the claim of its authors on public attention ; but what philosopher will undertake to rule matters of taste, or to bring under one idea or method works so different from each other as those of Homer, Æschylus, and Pindar ; of Terence, Ovid, Juvenal, and Martial ? What court is sitting, and what code is received, for the satisfactory determination of the poetical pretensions of writers of the day ? Whence can we hope to gain a verdict upon them, except from the unscientific tribunals of Public Opinion and of Time ? In Poetry, as in Metaphysics, a book is of necessity a venture.

And now, coming to the suitableness of my offering, I know well, my dear Badeley, how little you will be disposed to criticize what comes to you from me, whatever be its intrinsic value. Less still in this case, considering that a chief portion of the volume grew out of that Religious Movement which you yourself, as well as I, so faithfully followed from first to last. And least of all, when I tell you that I wish it to be the poor expression, long-delayed, of my gratitude, never intermitted, for the great services which you rendered to me years ago, by your legal skill and affectionate zeal, in a serious matter in which I found myself in collision with the law of the land.* Those services I have ever desired in some public, however inadequate, way to record; and now, as time hurries on and opportunities are few, I am forced to ask you to let me acknowledge my debt to you as I can, since I cannot as I would.

We are now, both of us, in the decline of life: may that warm attachment which has lasted between us inviolate for so many years, be continued, by the mercy of God, to the end of our earthly course, and beyond it!

I am, my dear Badeley,

Affectionately yours,

J. H. N.

A MEMORABLE MEETING.

To SIR JOHN T. COLERIDGE.†

Rednall, *September* 17, 1868.

DEAR SIR JOHN COLERIDGE,

I must begin by apologizing for my delay in acknowledging your letter of the 10th. Owing to accidental circumstances my time has not been my own; and now, when at length I write, I fear I shall disappoint you in the answer which

* The Achilli Case.—[ED.]

† For publication in his "Memoir of Keble" (Parker & Co. 1869).—[ED.]

alone I can give to your question. It almost seems to me as if you were so kind as to wish me to write such an account of my visit to Mr. Keble as might appear in your "Memoir;" but, as I think you will see, my memory is too weak to allow of my putting on paper any particulars of it which are worth preserving. It was remarkable, certainly, that three friends—he, Dr. Pusey, and myself—who had been so intimately united for so many years, and then for so many years had been separated, at least one of them from the other two, should meet together just once again; and, for the first and last time, dine together simply by themselves. And the more remarkable, because not only by chance they met all three together, but there were positive chances against their meeting.

Keble had wished me to come to him, but the illness of his wife, which took them to Bournemouth, obliged him to put me off. On their return to Hursley, I wrote to him on the subject of my visit, and fixed a day for it. Afterwards, hearing from Pusey that he, too, was going to Hursley on the very day I had named, I wrote to Keble to put off my visit. I told him, as I think, my reason. I had not seen either of them for twenty years, and to see both of them at once would be more, I feared, than I could bear. Accordingly, I told him I should go from Birmingham to friends in the Isle of Wight, in the first place, and thence some day go over to Hursley. This was on September 12, 1865. But when I had got into the Birmingham train for Reading, I felt it was like cowardice to shrink from the meeting, and I changed my mind again. In spite of my having put off my visit to him, I slept at Southampton, and made my appearance at Hursley next morning without being expected. Keble was at his door speaking to a friend. He did not know me, and asked my name. What was more wonderful, since I had purposely come to his house, I did not know him, and I feared to ask who it was. I gave him my card without speaking. When at length we found out each other,

he said, with that tender flurry of manner which I recollected so well, that his wife had been seized with an attack of her complaint that morning, and that he could not receive me as he should have wished to do, nor, indeed, had he expected me; "for Pusey," he whispered, "is in the house, as you are aware."

Then he brought me into his study and embraced me most affectionately, and said he would go and prepare Pusey, and send him to me.

I think I got there in the forenoon, and remained with him four or five hours, dining at one or two. He was in and out of the room all the time I was with him, attending on his wife, and I was left with Pusey. I recollect very little of the conversation that passed at dinner. Pusey was full of the question of the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and Keble expressed his joy that it was a common cause, in which I could not substantially differ from them; and he caught at such words of mine as seemed to show agreement. Mr. Gladstone's rejection at Oxford was talked of, and I said that I really thought that had I been still a member of the University I must have voted against him, because he was giving up the Irish Establishment. On this, Keble gave me one of his remarkable looks, so earnest and so sweet, came close to me, and whispered in my ear (I cannot recollect the exact words, but I took them to be), "And is not that just?" It left the impression on my mind that he had no great sympathy with the Establishment in Ireland as an Establishment, and was favourable to the Church of the Irish.

Just before my time for going, Pusey went to read the Evening Service in church, and I was left in the open air with Keble by himself. He said he would write to me in the Isle of Wight as soon as his wife got better, and then I should come over and have a day with him. We walked a little way, and stood looking in silence at the church and churchyard, so beautiful and calm. Then he began to converse with more

than his old tone of intimacy, as if we had never been parted, and soon I was obliged to go.

I remained in the island till I had his promised letter. It was to the effect that his wife's illness had increased, and he must give up the hopes of my coming to him. Thus, unless I had gone on that day, when I was so very near not going, I should not have seen him at all.

He wrote me many notes about this time; in one of them he made a reference to the lines in "Macbeth":—

> When shall we three meet again?
> When the hurley-burley's done,
> When the battle's lost and won.

This is all I can recollect of a visit of which almost the sole vivid memory which remains with me is the image of Keble himself.

I am, dear Sir John Coleridge,
Yours faithfully,
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"IN A STATE OF PUNISHMENT."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

Rednall, *March* 31, 1868.

MY DEAR HOPE-SCOTT,

What a heavy, sudden, unexpected blow! * I shall not see him now till I have crossed the stream which he has crossed. How dense is our ignorance of the future!—a darkness which can be felt, and the keenest consequence and token of the Fall. Till we remind ourselves of what we are—in a state of punishment—such surprises make us impatient, and almost angry, alas!

But my blow is nothing to yours, though you had the great

* The death of Mr. Badeley.—[ED.]

consolation of sitting by his side, and being with him to the last. What a fulness of affection he poured out on you and yours ; and how he must have rejoiced to have your faithful presence with him when he was going. This is your joy and your pain.

Now he has the recompense for that steady, well-ordered, perpetual course of devotion and obedience which I ever admired in him, and felt to be so much above anything I could reach. All or most of us have said Mass for him, I am sure, this morning ; certainly, we two have who are here.

I did not write to you during the past fortnight, thinking it would only bother you, and knowing I should hear if there was anything to tell. But you have been as much surprised as any one at his sudden summons. I knew it was the beginning of the end, but thought it was only the beginning. How was it his medical men did not know better ?

I suppose the funeral is on Saturday. God bless and keep and sustain you !

Ever yours, most affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

TROUBLES OF AUTHORSHIP.

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

January 2, 1870.

MY DEAR HOPE-SCOTT,

A happy new year to you and all yours, and to Bellasis and all his.

I am engaged, as Bellasis knows, in cutting across the Isthmus of Suez,* and though I have got so far as to let the water into the canal there is an awkward rock in mid-channel near the mouth, which takes a great deal of picking and blasting,

* In allusion to difficulties in the composition of "The Grammar o Assent," on which Dr. Newman was then at work.—[ED.]

and no man of war will be able to pass through till I get rid of it. Thus I can't name a day for the opening.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"I HAVE NO BUSINESS HERE MYSELF."

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

The Oratory, *March* 3, 1870.

MY DEAR HOPE-SCOTT,

After writing a conversational letter to Bellasis* yesterday, I heard at night so sad an account, which I had not anticipated, of his pain and his weakness and want of sleep, that I was distressed that it had gone, and felt that it would harass him to receive a second letter so soon, and, as he would anticipate, as unseasonable as the former. Therefore I enclose with this a few lines to him, which you can let him have when you think right.

I do not undervalue the seriousness of your first letter about him, and have had him constantly in my mind; but I did not contemplate his pain, or his sudden decline. I thought it would be a long business, but now I find that the complaint is making its way.

What a severe blow it must be to you! But to me, in my own way, it is very great too; for, though I am not in his constant society as you are, he has long been *pars magna* of this place, and he has, by his various acts of friendship through a succession of years, created for himself a presence in my

* To him Cardinal Newman dedicated, in this very year, "The Grammar of Assent," in the following words :—"To Edward Bellasis, Serjeant-at-Law, in remembrance of a long, equable, sunny friendship; in gratitude for continual kindnesses shown to me, for unwearied zeal in my behalf, for a trust in me which has never wavered, and a prompt, effectual succour and suppport in times of special trial.—From his affectionate, J. H. N."—[ED.]

thoughts, so that the thought of being without him carries with it the sense of a void, to which it is difficult to assign a limit. Three æquales I have lost—Badeley, H. Bowden, and Bellasis; and such losses seem to say that I have no business here myself. It is the penalty of living to lose the great props of life. What a melancholy prospect for his poor boys! When you have an opportunity, say everything kind for me to Mrs. Bellasis. I shall, I trust, say two Masses a week for him. He is on our prayer lists. What a vanity is life! How it crumbles under one's touch!

I hope you are getting strong, and that this does not weigh too heavily on you.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To J. R. HOPE-SCOTT, Q.C.

The Oratory, *May* 14, 1871.

MY DEAR HOPE-SCOTT,

Thank you for your book.* In one sense I deserve it; I have ever had such a devotion, I may call it, to Walter Scott. As a boy, in the early summer mornings, I read "Waverley" and "Guy Mannering" in bed, when they first came out. At five it was time to get up. And long before that, I think when I was eight years old, I listened eagerly to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which my mother and aunt were reading aloud. When he was dying I was continually thinking of him, with Keble's words—

"If ever floating from faint earthly lyre."

It has been a trouble to me that his works seem to be so forgotten now. Our boys know very little about them. I think

* Mr. Hope-Scott's abridgement of Lockhart's "Life of Scott."—[ED.]

F. Ambrose had to give a prize for getting up "Kenilworth." Your letter to Gladstone sadly confirms it. I wonder whether there will ever be a crisis and correction of the evil? It arises from the facilities of publication. Every season bears its own crop of books, and every fresh season ousts the foregoing. Books are all annuals, and, to revive Scott, you must annihilate the existing generation of writers, which is legion.

If it so fares with Scott, still more does it so fare with Johnson, Addison, Pope and Shakespeare. Perhaps the competitive examinations may come to the aid. You should get Gladstone to bring about a list of classics, and force them upon candidates. I do not see any other way of mending matters.

I wish I heard a better account of you.

Ever yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

FRIENDSHIP FOR THE FROUDES.

To WILLIAM FROUDE, F.R.S.*

August 1, 1871.

To you, my dear William, I dedicate these miscellaneous compositions, old and new, as to a true friend, dear to me in your own person and in your family, and in the special claim which your brother Hurrell† has upon my memory—as one, who,

* The Dedication of "Essays, Critical and Historical" (Pickering).—[ED.]

† Brother also of James Anthony Froude, who began his serious life by joining the Oxford Movement. William Froude, too, gave his heart to his brother Hurrell's work at Oriel, though, as Mr. Mozley tells us, "his turn even then was for science, and his lot was eventually cast in railway engineering and naval construction. He was the chemist as well as the mechanist of the college. For many years before his death, he was laboriously and anxiously but successfully employed in experiments upon the respective resistance which various forms of vessels meet with when in motion through water, and also upon flotation and oscillation." He died in communion with the Catholic Church. To his father, Archdeacon Froude, Cardinal Newman dedicated one of his earliest works.—[ED.]

amid unusual trials of friendship, has always been fair to me, never unkind—as one who has followed the long course of controversy, of which these volumes are a result and record, with a large sympathy with those engaged in it, and a deep sense of the responsibilities of religious inquiry and the sacredness of religious truth. Whatever may be your judgment of portions of their contents, which are not always in agreement with each other, you will, I know, give them a ready welcome when offered to your acceptance as the expression, such as it is, of the author's wish, in the best way he can, of connecting his name with yours.

I am, my dear William Froude,
Most affectionately yours,
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

"MY DEAR DEAN."

To the VERY REV. RICHARD WILLIAM CHURCH, M.A.,
Dean of St. Paul's.*

MY DEAR DEAN,

When I lately asked your leave to prefix your name to this Volume of Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, I felt I had to explain to myself and to my readers why I had not offered it to you on its first publication rather than now, when the long delay of nearly thirty years might seem to have destroyed the graciousness of my act.

For you were one of those dear friends, resident in Oxford (some, as Charles Marriott and Charles Cornish, now no more), who, in these trying five years, from 1841 to 1845, in the course of which this volume was given to the world, did so much to com-

* Dedication, dated Advent, 1871, of New Edition of Fifteen Sermons preached before the University of Oxford. (Rivingtons.)—[ED.]

fort and uphold me by their patient, tender kindness, and their zealous services in my behalf.

I cannot forget how, in the February of 1841, you suffered me day by day to open to you my anxieties and plans, as events successively elicited them, and much less can I lose the memory of your great act of friendship, as well as of justice and courage, in the February of 1845, your Proctor's year, when you, with another now departed, shielded me from the "*civium ardor prava jubesitium*," by the interposition of a prerogative belonging to your academical position.

Much as I felt your generous conduct towards me at the time, those very circumstances which gave occasion to it deprived me then of the power of acknowledging it. That was no season to do what I am doing now, when an association with any work of mine would have been a burden to another, not a service; nor did I, in the volumes which I published during those years, think of laying it upon any of my friends, except in the case of one who had had duties with me at Littlemore, and overcame me by his loyal and urgent sympathy.*

Accept then, my dear Church, though it be late, this expression of my gratitude, now that the lapse of years, the judgment passed on me by (what may be called) posterity, and the dignity of your present position, encourage me to think that, in thus gratifying myself, I am not inconsiderate towards you.

I am, my dear Dean,

Your very affectionate friend,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

* The Rev. W. J. Copeland, B.D., who passed away only while these pages were preparing for press. He edited from Farnham Rectory some volumes of Cardinal Newman's Anglican Sermons, one of which had been first published in 1843, and was inscribed from Littlemore by the author: "To William John Copeland, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. The kindest of friends, whose nature it is to feel for others more than they feel for themselves."—[ED.]

LOOKING BACK.

To the Rev. Henry Arthur Woodgate, B.D., Honorary Canon of Worcester.

January, 1872.

My dear Woodgate,

Half a century and more has passed since you first allowed me to know you familiarly, and to possess your friendship.

Now in the last decade of our lives, it is pleasant to me to look back upon those old Oxford days, in which we were together, and in memory of them, to dedicate to you a volume,* written, for the most part, before the currents of opinion and the course of events carried friends away in various directions, and brought about great changes and bitter separations.

Those issues of religious inquiry I cannot certainly affect to lament, as far as they concern myself; as they relate to others, at least it is left to me, by such acts as you now allow me, to testify to them that affection which time and absence cannot quench, and which is the more fresh and buoyant because it is so old.

I am, my dear Woodgate,

Your attached and constant friend,

John Henry Newman.

IRISH REMINISCENCES.

To the Rt. Rev. David Moriarty, D.D., Bishop of Kerry.†

My dear Lord,

If I have not asked your Lordship for your formal leave to dedicate this volume to you, this has been because

* "Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects." (Pickering.)—[Ed.]

† The dedication of "Historical Sketches," dated from Birmingham, October, 1872. (Pickering & Co.)—[Ed.]

one part of it, written by me as an Anglican controversialist, could not be consistently offered for the direct sanction of a Catholic bishop. If, in spite of this, I presume to inscribe your name in its first page, I do so because I have a freedom in this matter which you have not—because I covet much to be associated publicly with you, and because I trust to gain your forgiveness for a somewhat violent proceeding, on the plea that I may perhaps thereby be availing myself of the only opportunity given to me, if not the most suitable occasion, of securing what I so earnestly desire.

I desire it, because I desire to acknowledge the debt I owe to your kindness and services rendered to me through a course of years. All along, from the time that the Oratory first came to this place, you have taken a warm interest in me and in my doings. You found me out twenty-four years ago on our first start in the narrow streets of Birmingham, before we could well be said to have found a home or a church. And you have never been wanting to me since, or spared time or trouble, when I had occasion in any difficulty to seek your guidance or encouragement.

Especially have I cause to remember the help you gave me, by your prudent counsels and your anxious sympathy, when I was called over to Ireland to initiate a great Catholic institution. From others also, ecclesiastics and laymen, I received a hearty welcome and a large assistance, which I ever bear in mind; but you, when I would fill the Professors' chairs, were in a position to direct me to the men whose genius, learning and zeal became so great a part of the life and strength of the University; and even as regards those whose high endowments I otherwise learned, or already knew myself, you had your part in my appointments, for I ever tried to guide myself by what I had gained from the conversations and correspondence which you had from time to time allowed me. To you, then, my dear Lord, more than any other, I owe my introduction to a

large circle of friends, who faithfully worked with me in the course of my seven years of connection with the University, and who now, for twice seven years since, have generously kept me in mind, though I have been out of their sight.

There is none, then, whom I more intimately associate with my life in Dublin than your Lordship; and thus when I revive the recollections of what my friends there did for me, my mind naturally reverts to you, and again in making my acknowledgments to you, I am virtually thanking them.

That you may live for many years, in health, strength and usefulness, the centre of many minds, a blessing to the Irish people, and a light in the Universal Church, is,

My dear Lord,

The fervent prayer of

Your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

THE MASSACRE OF S. BARTHOLOMEW.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

September, 1872.

SIR,

You have lately, in your article on the Massacre of S. Bartholomew's Day, thrown down a challenge to us on a most serious subject. I have no claim to speak for my brethren; but I speak in default of better men.

No Pope can make evil good.* No Pope has any power over those eternal moral principles which God has imprinted on our hearts and consciences. If any Pope has, with his eyes

* This may appear to be very elementary Catholic teaching, and not worth iteration; but readers in this year of grace must remember that in 1872 the minds of men here and there had been a little bewildered by certain writers, and these not always outside the Church.—[ED.]

open, approved treachery or cruelty, let those defend that Pope who can. If any Pope at any time has had his mind so occupied with the desirableness of the Church's triumph over her enemies as to be dead to the treacherous and savage acts by which that triumph was achieved, let those who feel disposed say that in such conduct he acted up to his high office of maintaining justice and showing mercy.

Craft and cruelty, and whatever is base and wicked, have a sure Nemesis, and eventually strike the heads of those who are guilty of them. Whether in matter of fact Pope Gregory XIII. had a share in the guilt of the S. Bartholomew Massacre must be proved to me before I believe it. It is commonly said in his defence that he had an untrue, one-sided account of the matter presented to him, and acted on misinformation. This involves a question of fact, which historians must decide. But even if they decide against the Pope, his Infallibility is in no respect compromised. Infallibility is not Impeccability. Even Caiaphas prophesied, and Gregory XIII. was not quite a Caiaphas.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

To the Editor of THE GUARDIAN.

September, 1872.

SIR,

I cannot allow such language as Mr. Capes uses of me in yesterday's *Guardian* to pass unnoticed, nor can I doubt that you will admit my answer to it. I thank him for having put into print what doubtless has often been said behind my back; I do not thank him for the odious words which he has made the vehicle of it.

I will not dirty my ink by repeating them ; but the substance, mildly stated, is this—that I have all along considered the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility to be contradicted by the facts of Church history, and that, though convinced of this, I have in consequence of the Vatican Council forced myself to do a thing that I never, never fancied would befall me when I became a Catholic—viz., forced myself by some unintelligible quibbles to fancy myself believing what really after all in my heart I could not and did not believe. And that this operation and its result had given me a considerable amount of pain.

I could say much, and quote much from what I have written, in comment upon this nasty view of me. But, not to take up too much of your room, I will, in order to pluck it up "by the very roots" (to use his own expression), quote one out of various passages, in which, long before the Vatican Council was dreamed of, at least by me, I enunciated absolutely the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility. It is in my "Discourses on University Education," delivered in Dublin in 1852. It runs as follows :—

"Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest, *for I can appeal to the ample testimony of history to bear me out*, that, in questions of right and wrong, there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him to whom have been committed the keys of the kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock. That voice is now, as ever it has been, a real authority, *infallible* when it teaches, prosperous when it commands, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province, adding certainty to what is probable and persuasion to what is certain. Before it speaks, the most saintly may mistake ; and after it has spoken, the most gifted must obey. . . . . If there ever was a power on earth who had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practicable, and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds, and whose commands prophecies, such is he

in the history of ages who sits on from generation to generation in the chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and Doctor of His Church. . . . . Has he failed in his successes up to this hour? Did he, in our fathers' day, fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates; with Napoleon —a greater name—and his dependent kings; that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What grey hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed like the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath the everlasting arms?"—pp. 22–28.

This passage I suffered Father Cardella in 1867 or 1868 to reprint in a volume which he published at Rome. My reason for selecting it, as I told him, was this—because in an abridged reprint of the discourses in 1859 I had omitted it, as well as other large portions of the volume, as of only temporary interest, and irrelevant to the subject of University education.

I could quote to the same purpose passages from my "Essay on Development," 1845; "Loss and Gain," 1847; "Discourses to Mixed Congregations," 1849; "Position of Catholics," 1851; "Church of the Fathers," 1857.

I underwent, then, no change of mind as regards the truth of the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility in consequence of the Council. It is true I was deeply, though not personally, pained both by the fact and by the circumstances of the definition; and, when it was in contemplation, I wrote a most confidential letter, which was surreptitiously gained and published, but of which I have not a word to retract. The feelings of surprise and concern expressed in that letter have nothing to do with a screwing one's conscience to profess what one does not believe, which is Mr. Capes's pleasant account of me. He ought to know better.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

*** On nearly the day on which the above letter was written, Dr. Newman also wrote as follows on the same subject to the editor of the PALL

DID NOT WISH TO JOIN THE JESUITS.

To the Editor of THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

October 20, 1874.

SIR,

I am in the number of those who, as you anticipate, have read in your paper with "astonishment" that before now I have sought admittance into the Society of Jesus. I write at once to say that such a statement is altogether without foundation. It is true that I have ever held in veneration, and regarded with affection and gratitude, various members of that wonderful society; but at no time, since I have been a Catholic, have I for a moment entertained the idea of belonging to it.

As I have never asked admission into it, it follows that admission has never been denied to me. There is no ground at all for saying so.

I take this opportunity of thaking you for the kind and flattering terms in which from time to time I have been mentioned in your paper.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

MALL GAZETTE:—"You have inserted in your columns of yesterday some remarks made on me by Mr. Capes, which, to use a studiously mild phrase, are not founded on fact. He assumes that I did not hold or profess the doctrine of the Pope's Infallibility till the time of the Vatican Council; whereas I have committed myself to it in print again and again, from 1845 to 1867. And, on the other hand, as it so happens—though I hold it as I ever have done—I have had no occasion to profess it, whether in print or otherwise, since that date. Any one who knows my writings will recollect that in so saying I state the simple fact. The surprise and distress I felt at the definition was no personal matter, but was founded on serious reasons, of which I feel the force still." Nobody, it may well be supposed, is more willing now than Mr. Capes to make retractation and to express regret.—[ED.]

DR. DÖLLINGER.

To the Editor of THE LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

1874.

SIR,

I beg you to do me the favour of allowing me to contradict absolutely the assertion of one of your correspondents that "at one time I was on the point of uniting with Dr. Döllinger and his party, and that it required the earnest persuasions of several members of the Roman Catholic Episcopate to prevent me from taking that step."

This statement in both its clauses, and from beginning to end, is utterly and ridiculously false. And it is a crime in an anonymous writer to make allegations against another of a nature to damage him in the eyes of his brethren, without a tittle of evidence to bear them out.

Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"LOSS AND GAIN."

To the VERY REV C. W. RUSSELL, President of Maynooth College.

The Oratory, *February* 21, 1874.

MY DEAR DR. RUSSELL,

Now that at length I take the step of printing my name in the title-page of this volume, I trust I shall not be encroaching on the kindness you have so long shown to me if I venture to follow it up by placing yours in the page which comes next to it, thus associating myself with you, and recommending myself to my readers by the association.

Not that I am dreaming of bringing down upon you, in whole or part, the criticisms, just or unjust, which lie against a literary attempt which has in some quarters been thought out of keeping with my antecedents and my position; but the

warm and sympathetic interest which you took in Oxford matters thirty years ago, and the benefits which I derived from that interest personally, are reasons why I am desirous of prefixing your name to a tale which, whatever its faults, at least is a more intelligible and exact representation of the thoughts, sentiments, and aspirations then and there prevailing, than was to be found in the pamphlets, charges, sermons, reviews, and story-books of the day.

These reasons, too, must be my apology, should I seem to be asking your acceptance of a volume which over and above its intrinsic defects is, in its very subject and style, hardly commensurate with the theological reputation and ecclesiastical station of the person to whom it is presented.

I am, my dear Dr. Russell,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN H. NEWMAN,

Of the Oratory.

A NEOPHYTE.

To GEORGIANA, LADY CHATTERTON.*

The Oratory, *September* 20, 1875.

MY DEAR LADY CHATTERTON,

You will easily understand how I rejoiced to read your letter this morning. You will be rewarded abundantly, do not doubt it, for the pain, anxiety and weariness you have gone through in arriving at the safe ground and sure home of peace where you now are.

* Lady Chatterton had written from Baddesley Clinton to tell Dr. Newman that she had become a Catholic, adding that his hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light!" had helped her much in her time of mental struggle and of broken health, when she had been wont to repeat it during "the dark, painful nights." (See her "Memoirs" by her second husband, Edward Heneage Dering. Hurst and Blackett. 1878.)—[ED.]

I congratulate, with all my heart, the dear friends who surround you upon so happy a termination of their own anxieties and prayers.

May God keep you ever in the narrow way, and shield you from all those temptations and trials by which so many earnest souls are wrecked.

This is the sincere prayer of yours, most truly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN."

To EDWARD HENEAGE DERING.*

The Oratory.

MY DEAR MR. DERING,

I have felt for you very much. There are wounds of the spirit which never close, and are intended in God's mercy to bring us nearer to Him, and to prevent us leaving Him, by their very perpetuity. Such wounds, then, may almost be taken as a pledge, or at least as a ground for humble trust, that God will give us the great gift of perseverence to the end. As she has now passed the awful stream which we all have to ford, and is safe, so in the fact of having been taken from you, she seems to give you an intimation that you are to pass it safely also, when your time comes, and you are to meet her again then for ever. Your losing her here is thus the condition of your meeting her hereafter.

This is how I comfort myself in my own great bereavements. I lost, last year, my dearest friend unexpectedly.† I never had so great a loss. He had been my life, under God, for thirty-two years. I don't expect the wound will ever heal, but from my heart I bless God, and would not have it otherwise, for I am sure that the bereavement is one of those Divine

* On the death of his wife in 1876.—[ED.]

† Father Ambrose St. John of the Oratory.—[ED.]

Providences necessary for my attaining that Heavenly Rest which he, through God's mercy, has already secured.

So cheer up, and try to do God's Will in all things according to the day, as I pray to be able to do myself.

Yours, most sincerely,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT!"*

To MR. GREENHILL.

The Oratory, *January* 18, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. GREENHILL,

You flatter me by your question; but I think it was Keble who, when asked it in his own case, answered that poets were not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written; and though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to *remember* my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years.

Anyhow there must be a statute of limitation for writers of verse, or it would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression not of truth but of imagination and sentiment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient state of mind which came upon one when home-sick, or sea-sick, or in any other way sensitive or excited.

Yours most truly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN

* The two last lines of this hymn—

"And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile"—

would appear to have puzzled this correspondent.—[ED.]

AUSTRALIAN FRIENDS.

To the HON. W. BEDE DALLEY.

MY DEAR SIR,

The newspaper has come to me with a notice of the honour you and your friends have done me by your public meeting on my behalf, and of the additional great goodness of your proposing, by a splendid gift, to record, for present and future time, your warmth of feeling for me, and your favourable view of my services to the Catholic cause.

Highly gratified shall I be by your extraordinary generosity, and it will abide in the Oratory after me, to be preserved with care, and shown with pride as a memorial both of your good opinion of its founder and of its good fortune.

I have not omitted to say Mass for your friend whom you have so unexpectedly lost, and who was intending so zealously to co-operate with you in my favour.*

Offering you all my best thanks for your surprising kindness towards me, I am, my dear Sir, sincerely yours,

JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN.

[1879.]

ELECTED HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY.

To the REV. SAMUEL WILLIAM WAYTE, B.D., President of Trinity College, Oxford.

February 9, 1878.

MY DEAR PRESIDENT,

Not from any special interest which I anticipate you will take in this volume,† or any sympathy you will feel in its

* This was the Hon. E. Butler, Q.C., who joined heartily in the movement to make a presentation from the Antipodes to the new Cardinal; but who died before it was carried out. Mr. Bede Dalley, whose name is now so well-known in connection with the Australian Contingent sent to the Soudan, was chairman of the Presentation Committee.—[ED.]

† "An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine." (Pickering, 1878.)—[ED.]

argument, or intrinsic fitness of any kind in my associating you and your Fellows with it:

But because I have nothing besides it to offer you, in token of my sense of the gracious compliment which you and they have paid me in making me once more a Member of a College dear to me from Undergraduate memories.

Also because of the happy coincidence, that whereas its first publication was contemporaneous with my leaving Oxford, its second became, by virtue of your act, contemporaneous with a recovery of my position there.

Therefore it is that without leave of your responsibility I take the bold step of placing your name in the first pages of what, at my age, I must consider the last print or reprint on which I shall ever be engaged.

I am, my dear President, Most sincerely yours,

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

GENERAL GORDON AND THE "DREAM OF GERONTIUS."

A CURIOUS little relic linking the name of the late Mr. Frank Power, the *Times* correspondent, with that of the hero of the Soudan, General Gordon, reached Dublin in the form of a tiny book, a duodecimo copy of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," with handwriting and marks inside. On the fly-leaf is an inscription: "Frank Power, with kindest regards of C. G. Gordon. 18 Feb. '84," and lower, across the same page: "Dearest M——, I send you this little book which General Gordon has given me. The pencil-marking throughout the book is his. Frank Power, Khartoum." The book has been forwarded to Mr. Power's sister, Mrs. Murphy, for whom his affectionate remembrance had destined the precious souvenir. The deep incisive pencil-marks drawn under certain lines, almost all of which name death, and cry for the prayers of friends, are touchingly interesting to see. "Pray for me, O my friends!" "'Tis death —O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!" "So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray!" "Use well the interval!" "Prepare to meet thy God!" "Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled!" with many other longer passages all bearing on the supreme moment at hand. The last words underlined before he gave the book to poor young Power are these:

> "Farewell, but not for ever, brother dear;
> Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow!"

A further interest is given to this memorable incident by a letter written by Cardinal Newman to Mr. Power's sister, who had sent the tiny well-thumbed volume to the author of the "Dream of Gerontius":—

April 7. 1895

Dear Mrs Murphy

Your letter and its contents took away my breath. I was deeply moved to find that a book of mine had been in General Gordon's hands, and that the description of a soul preparing for death.

I send it back to you, with my heartfelt thanks, by this post in a registered cover. It is additionally precious, as having Mr Powell's writing in it

Most truly Yours

John H. Card. Newman

A Cloud of Witnesses.

DEDICATIONS may be said to form a little literature of their own. In point of composition the dedication of a volume is often its most elegant page. It has, besides, a dual human interest; for it is at once autobiographical and biographical: first, of the writer of the dedication; and second, of the person to whom the dedication is made. And if a man may be judged, as has been said, by the letters addressed to him by his friends, so also may he be judged by the dedications in which is offered the homage of intellects and of hearts. The Biography of Cardinal Newman, to be complete, will need a Chapter devoted to these literary offerings, of which so many, and such intimate ones, have been addressed to him by his contemporaries. And to the compilation of such a Chapter the following contributions may now be made.

The Blessed Sacrament. By FATHER FABER. (Richardson. 1855.)

TO MY MOST DEAR FATHER
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
TO WHOM, IN THE MERCY OF GOD,
I OWE THE FAITH OF THE CHURCH,
THE GRACE OF THE SACRAMENTS,
AND THE HABIT OF ST. PHILIP,
WITH MUCH MORE THAT LOVE KNOWS AND FEEDS UPON,
THOUGH IT CANNOT TELL IN WORDS,
BUT WHICH THE LAST DAY WILL SHOW.

Panegyric of St. Philip Neri. By CARDINAL WISEMAN. (Richardson, 1856).

TO THE VERY REV.

F. NEWMAN, D.D.,

Superior of the Birmingham Oratory,

AND TO THE VERY REV.

F. FABER, D.D.,

Superior of the London Oratory.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHERS,

I dedicate this discourse to you jointly, because a common bond unites you to one another and to me; the love of the holy St. Philip. If I have been his elder, either of you has been, by far, his better son. You have made him known, you have made him loved in this country, as dearly almost as he is in his own. You have naturalized him in English hearts, you have given him a second—an English home.

But under his auspices you have done much more. Though apparently the paths you have trodden may have seemed different, they have been parallel and concurrent, and have formed a single road. One has brought the resources of the most varied learning, and the vigour of a keenly accurate mind, power of argument, and grace of language, to grapple with the intellectual difficulties, and break down the strongly built prejudices of strangers to the Church. The other has gathered within her gardens sweet flowers of devotion for her children, and taught them, in thoughts that glow and words that burn, to prize the banquet which love has spread for their refreshment. Thus can you truly say, "In domo Domini ambulavimus cum consensu." Hand in hand you have walked together, the one planting, and the other watering, while God above has given to your united work increase. My share in it must be confined to such grateful recollections and ardent hopes as may be expressed in a short panegyric.

Anything done by me for St. Philip's sake could not be separately offered to either, but must go to the common stock of what belongs to him. Words of praise, or rather of affection, spoken concerning him, however worthless, belong to him, and if they have his blessing on them, are so absorbed and appropriated by this, that they must go where it goes, impartially and equally to all his children.

Let this Panegyric receive some additional value from the sentiments of affectionate regard and friendship which have prompted this dedication; additional, that is, to what may result from that love of "the Saint" which in it struggled so poorly to express itself. This only could otherwise render it worthy of your notice.

Earnestly recommending myself to your pious prayers, and to your love in St. Philip, I am ever,

Dear and Very Rev. Fathers,

Your affectionate servant in Christ,

N. Card. Wiseman.

London, June 1, 1856.

Public Lectures delivered before the Catholic University of Ireland. By Professor J. B. Robertson. (Dolman. 1859.)

To the Very Rev.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.,

Superior of the Birmingham Congregation of the Oratory,

In Token of

Gratitude for many Favours Received,

and of

Profound Admiration for his Genius and Virtues,

the following Lectures

are Respectfully Inscribed

by his obliged Friend,

The Author.

Historical Notes of the Tractarian Movement. By Frederick Oakeley, M.A. (Longmans. 1865.)

To the Very Rev.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.,

Priest and Superior of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri,

This Volume is Inscribed

in Token of

Deep and Grateful Reverence.

A Review of Dr. Pusey's Eirenicon. By WILLIAM LOCKHART, B.A., Oxon., Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. (Longmans. 1866.)

TO

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.,

AND

EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D.,

TWO VENERABLE AND BELOVED NAMES
THAT ONE LOVES IN THOUGHT TO ASSOCIATE TOGETHER.

Translation, by the Rev. H. N. OXENHAM, M.A., of Döllinger's "First Age of Christianity and the Church." (Allen & Co. 1867.)

TO THE VERY REV.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.,

WHOSE ILLUSTRIOUS NAME
IS ALONE
A PASSPORT TO THE HEARTS
AND
A SECURE CLAIM ON THE INTELLECTUAL RESPECT
OF HIS COUNTRYMEN
BOTH WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE CHURCH,
THIS TRANSLATION OF A WORK
BY A GREAT CATHOLIC DIVINE OF THE CONTINENT
IS, WITH HIS KIND PERMISSION,
VERY RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Florence Danby. By EDWARD HENEAGE DERING. (Richardson. 1868.)

TO THE VERY REV.

DR. NEWMAN

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE INSCRIBED AS AN UNWORTHY TRIBUTE
OF REVERENCE, AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE.

Sermons by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Vol. II. By the Rev. THOMAS HARPER. (Burns & Oates. 1872.)

TO THE VERY REV.

J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.,

Provost of the Birmingham Oratory.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER,

I have had a lasting desire that my first publication should be dedicated to you, as a very feeble yet sincere token of my deep gratitude for the incalculable benefits which, in the good providence of our God, I have received from you. The peculiar nature of my volume on Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," and many circumstances connected with its appearance, induced me to dedicate it to the Holy Founder of the Order to which it is my privilege to belong. But the present volume has given me the opportunity so long desired. Though personally unknown to you until long after my admission into the Society of Jesus, it was the influence of your sermons and writings which, by the Divine grace, led me to the Church of Jesus Christ, nor has this influence diminished since that time.

You have kindly consented to this dedication. Be pleased, then, to receive it as a proof of the veneration and love which I have ever felt for you, and which has increased with the progress of the years.

Believe me to remain,

Very Rev. and dear Father,

Yours most respectfully and affectionately in the Sacred Hearts,

THOMAS HARPER, S.J.

Feast of the Epiphany, 1872.

Persecutions of Annam. By the Very Rev. Canon SHORTLAND. (Burns & Oates. 1875.)

TO THE VERY REV.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.,

Father Superior of the Oratory, Birmingham.

MY DEAR DR. NEWMAN,

The privilege you have allowed me of dedicating this book to you is one that I highly value. In many ways I owe you more than I

owe to any one else, and an expression of grateful feeling is to me most pleasant. It was my most happy lot to be at Oxford when you were there, and you did for me what you were doing for so many others—removed the veil of prejudice which quite shut out from view the Church of all nations, and made me capable of seeing her as she really is. It was you, too, who in later years brought her before me in all her beauty and dignity, and taught me to recognize in her the great Teacher of God in the world.

This book is a record of the way in which that holy teaching is carried on in distant heathen lands, of the virtues, the successes, the sufferings of her missionaries. In dedicating it to you I do not simply satisfy my feelings, but I know that I am greatly benefiting myself by placing it under the sanction of your name.

With many thanks for long-continued kindnesses,

I am, my dear Dr. Newman,

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

JOHN R. CANON SHORTLAND.

The Formation of Christendom. By T. W. ALLIES. Third Part. (Longmans. 1875.)

MY DEAR DR. NEWMAN,

I dedicate to you this work so far as it has gone, upon the Formation of Christendom, for a double reason. The first is, because it arose out of my nomination to be Reader on the Philosophy of History in the Catholic University of Ireland, which was made when you were its first Rector. The nomination, indeed, led to no more than the delivery of the Inaugural Lecture in your presence as Rector, before the University. For though the work which has followed was originally intended to be delivered in like manner, I ascertained on the completion of the first series that no need had been felt for Lectures on the Philosophy of History, and my connection with the University practically terminated with your Rectorship. I am, therefore, offering you the fruits of an appointment, peculiarly your own, since it ceased with you. And I may add that your counsels were not wanting to me in the first choice and handling of the subject. My second reason is, that now in mature age I wish to give utterance to the profound gratitude which I have never ceased to feel towards you for the aid which your

writings gave me to discern the light of the Catholic Faith, and the force which your example added to follow that light into the knowledge, peace and liberty of the Catholic Communion. If anything could heighten that gratitude it would be my sense of the value of those subsequent works, by which you who were once the Hector of a doomed Troy have become in your day and country the Achilles of the City of God; that power which in our own, as in every preceding age, advances to victory out of defeat, is justified through the calumnies of opponents, and often converts the lance which aims at its life into the sword of a champion.

I am, my dear Fr. Newman,
Yours affectionately,
T. W. ALLIES.

February 21, 1875.

Lessons from Nature. By ST. GEORGE MIVART, F.R.S. (Murray. 1876.)

TO THE VERY REV.
FATHER NEWMAN, D.D.

MY DEAR DR. NEWMAN,

It is with a special gladness that I avail myself of your kind permission to dedicate to you, who love the natural world so keenly, the following chapters on Nature considered as one whole whereof rational man forms a part. A tribute of respectful gratitude is indeed due from one so indebted as I am. Among the many obligations I owe to you, is the ability to unite in one the Theistic and the Naturalistic conceptions of the world about us—conceptions a divorce between which is the calamity of our age. To former obligations, however, you have now added yet another. As an Englishman and a Catholic, I thank you with all my heart for your recent noble vindication of the rights of conscience—a vindication to which reference and appeal will, I am persuaded, be made again and again in the times which are to come. That that voice which so lately stilled the storm may long be spared to speak words of peace and wisdom—disarming prejudice and calming passion—is the most earnest hope and prayer of

Yours most respectfully and affectionately,
ST. GEORGE MIVART.

Wilmshurst, Uckfield,
December 8, 1875.

Life of St. Willibrord, Archbishop of Utrecht. (Burns & Oates. 1877.)*

TO THE VERY REV. FATHER

J. H. NEWMAN, D.D.

It was to you, Very Rev. and dear Father, that the series of the Lives of the English Saints owed its existence. This little Life of the Apostle of the Netherlands was written for you, to follow in the sequel of those Lives. It has lain dead and buried for the space of thirty-three years, and with your kind permission the resuscitated innocent would fain see public life under your auspices and patronage. It is, therefore, humbly and respectfully dedicated to you.

Easter Eve, 1877.

Order out of Chaos: Three Sermons preached at All Saints', Lambeth. By FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.D. (W. H. Allen & Co. 1881.)

TO HIS EMINENCE

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER;

TO HIS EMINENCE

JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN;

AND TO THE VERY REV.

EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D.,

CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, ETC.;

THREE VENERATED NAMES LONG ASSOCIATED TOGETHER;

IN THE EARNEST HOPE

THAT THEY MAY EACH, OR COMBINEDLY, DO SOMETHING MORE BEFORE THEY PASS HENCE,

FOR THE RESTORATION OF THEIR COUNTRYMEN

TO VISIBLE INTERCOMMUNION WITH THE REST OF CHRISTENDOM

AND TO THE BLESSING OF CATHOLIC OBEDIENCE

AND A PERFECT FAITH.

* By the Rev. T. Meyrick, S.J., but published anonymously.—[ED.]

The Year of Sorrow, and other Poems. By AUBREY DE VERE. (Kegan Paul. New Edition. 1880.)

TO HIS EMINENCE
CARDINAL NEWMAN,
THESE POEMS ARE ONCE MORE DEDICATED WITH RESPECT, AFFECTION, AND GRATITUDE.

Allocutions and Pastorals of the Right Rev. Dr. MORIARTY, Bishop of Kerry. (Burns & Oates. 1884.)

TO HIS EMINENCE
JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

[PUBLISHED AFTER THE BISHOP'S DEATH, AND DEDICATED BY THE EDITORS, WHO SAY:]

We deem it a high honour to have the privilege of dedicating this volume to a Prince of the Church so distinguished for learning, piety, and love for Ireland. We are aware of the great affection the late illustrious Bishop of Kerry entertained during life for your Eminence, and hence we determined to seek your permission to connect his most important utterances with your name.

The Present State of the Church in England. Seventeen Paragraphs, by Lord BRAYE. (Washbourne. 1884.)

INSCRIBED TO
JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

In recollection of the summer day he visited Stanford to keep the translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and to offer the Collect chosen by the Church, that by the prayers of that Saint we may be translated from sin to sinlessness, and from the prison-house to the kingdom.

One poet has put his dedication into poetical form; and, appended to it, some other sets of verses fall properly into place:

To JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

By JOHN CHARLES EARLE, B.A.*

WHEN I peruse the teeming page
My youth so dearly prized,
I say, "This foremost of his age
Is Plato's self baptized."

But kindling, weeping, as I read
And marvel at his pen,
I say, "This Newman is indeed
Augustine come again."

The sweet, sublime Athenian Bee,
And Hippo's seer, who ran
Through every range of thought, I see
Combined in this new man.

New modes, new powers, new aims, new lights,
New love, in him I view;
New piercing of the depths and heights,
Yet not more bold than true.

Our battles here we feebly fought,
And scarce could keep the field,
When like a god he rose and wrought
Our armour and our shield.

The clouds disperse to clear his fame;
The land begins to own
A prophet in a car of flame
Is mounting to his throne.

My father, Israel's chariot, look,
And, ere thou reach the skies,
Smile once, once only, on my book,
And it has gained the prize.

* "Light Leading Unto Light." By John Charles Earle, B.A. (Burns & Oates. 1875.)

TO THE HAND OF A LIVING AUTHOR.

By the Rev. EDWARD CASWALL, of the Oratory.*

HAIL, sacred Force!
Hail, energy sublime!
Fountain of present deeds
And manifold effects in future time!

Through thee have spread
Forth on their blazing way
Conceptions fiery-winged,
That shall the destinies of ages sway;

Through thee this Isle,
Long bound in Satan's chain,
To her original faith
Inclines beyond all hope an ear again,

And eyes askant,
With a half-wistful gaze,
Passing in beauty by,
The Vision of the Church of ancient days!

Symbol august!
Here, on my bended knee,
I venerate the truth
And multitudinous grace that speaks in thee.

Thou, drawing back
The curtains of the night,
First on this guilty soul,
Shut up in heresy, didst open light.

Through thee in her
Eternal morning rose;
O, how with all her powers
Can she enough repay the debt she owes!

* "Hymns and Poems." (Burns & Oates, Second Edition, 1873.)

MAY MEETINGS.

By Mrs. Leathley.*

St. Mary's, Oxford: 1840.

Youth and its dreams were with me, and the one
Strong yearning of my heart was, *Once* to see
Thy face, John Henry Newman, and to be
Thrilled by the magic of thy matchless tone.

That wish was granted, and for one blest hour
—Genius and Learning round me—hushed in awe—
I heard thy voice, thy countenance I saw,
Speaking of Heaven, beneath St. Mary's tower.

"The Abyss of Peace," thou saidst; those words alone
Stayed with me,—the crowd parted—thou wert gone.
But, on thy vestment, as it floated by,
I laid my hand in faith—O, happy I!
Some virtue surely dwelt therein—and so
That May we met, and parted, forty years ago.

The Oratory, London: 1880.

May comes again, and all the world is changed,
The dear delusions from false teaching drawn
Dropt from us, like a dream that dies at dawn;
Sweet life grown penance,—ancient loves estranged.

Hope grew still fainter, through each hour of need,
To see thee yet once more—God's priest indeed;
Sudden—unasked—as God's best gifts *do* come,
To-day I meet thee, in St. Philip's home.

'Tis the same face, transfigured—glorified—
As if "The Abyss of Peace" were nearer now;
The rich, the noble, for thy blessing bow,
Prince of our Holy Church—I kneel aside—
To speak—to touch thy robe—not now I dare,
God bless thee, "Pilgrim pale,"† alone my silent prayer.

* Written in 1880; but not published until now.—[Ed.]

† "I am found,
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound."
Newman's "*Verses on Religious Subjects.*"

To FR. NEWMAN

On his Elevation to the Cardinalate.

By Father H. Ignatius Dudley Ryder, of the Oratory.*

I.

IN HONOREM.

All honours are deserved and give content
Within that city's golden quadrature
Where true awards all-righteous hands secure,
And none may doubt or question the intent;
Nor human wills as here are warped and bent
From the strict line of right by selfish lure,
Or clashing interest; but doth aye endure
In each one's joy the unanimous consent.

Methinks the purple that hath crowned thy years
Is thus accepted by the general voice
As each man's good, because so just a thing.
High and aloof from selfish hopes and fears
Strangers and friends with one accord rejoice,
As they would antedate heaven's reckoning.

II.

IN MEMORIAM.

Yes, all rejoice; and all express their joy;
But this methought is but an idle boast,
Standing beside his grave whose joy should most
Abound upon this day; whose life's employ
Had been to shield thy life from the annoy
Of daily burdens, never counting cost:
In his enjoyment half thy joy is lost,
And what thou hast, clogged with a dull alloy.

He does rejoice, but it is far away;
He can no signal make that this is so;
No flowret breaks upon his grave to-day,
This sad late spring-tide; for the churchyards know
No law but Nature's, till the Almighty stay
The seasons in their solemn ebb and flow.

* "Poems: Original and Translated." (Gill & Son. 1882.)

III.

IN VOTUM.

The verse wherein I would congratulate
More genial ending merits than a sigh ;
So once again my feeble fingers try
To twine some flowers whose cheerful hues might mate
The goodly vestments of thy new estate,
With well-phrased wishes that should testify
To all I feel ; yet there the flowers lie :
My wishes so each other emulate,
God only could to peaceful issue bring
The conflict of their contrasts manifold ;
For I would wish new blessings with the old,
And all the old renewed, the flowers of spring
In autumn's peaceful lap, and not one face
Missed in thy circle from its wonted place.

Of Addresses, Cardinal Newman, in the last half of his life, has received a number that is almost without parallel in the case of an ecclesiastic, holding, at least until lately, no official rank. To print them all, and the replies they elicited, would be to fill a little book, which may be done at some future time as an interesting chapter of contemporary history, but not now. In the year 1864, the publication of Mr. Kingsley's attack gave the clergy of many dioceses the opportunity of expressing publicly their sentiments of admiration and of affection, and brought from the Bishop of Birmingham a separate letter of approbation. And what nearly six hundred priests did on that occasion was similarly done by a German Congress at Wurzburg, and by the Bishop and Clergy of Hobart Town.

A little later, some anonymous newspaper attacks were

the means of provoking the Catholic laity of London, assembled at the Stafford Club, to present an address to which a reply was made by Dr. Newman in a letter to Lord Emly. The Catholic University of Ireland addressed him, not only when he retired from the Rectorship, but also, many years later, when he was raised to the purple by Leo XIII. That happy event brought addresses from the chapter and clergy of nearly every diocese of England; from the Catholics of Ireland, who entrusted to Lord O'Hagan the expression of their thoughts; from a meeting of the Academia, with the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster presiding; from the Catholic Union, read by the Duke of Norfolk; and from the Poor School Committee, presented by the Marquis of Ripon, who attributed his own conversion, under God's blessing, to his Eminence's writings; from the Young Men's Catholic Societies in Great Britain; from the Catholic Congregation worshipping in the Church of St. Aloysius in his own Oxford; and from the English-speaking Catholic residents and visitors in Rome itself, who surrounded him there in the May of 1879, and spoke by the lips of Lady Herbert of Lea. In his reply the Cardinal said:

"Most men, if they do any good, die without knowing it; but I call it strange that I should be kept to my present age—an age beyond the age of most men—as if in order that, in this great city, where I am personally unknown, I might find kind friends to welcome and to claim me as their spiritual benefactor."

Such as he had been to them has he been to many more who have never seen his face. And they that bring many to righteousness shall shine like the stars for ever and ever.

The Landmarks of a Lifetime.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,

Born in the City of London, Feb. 21, 1801, son of Mr. John Newman (of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman & Co.), and of Jemima Fourdrinier, his wife; baptized a few yards from the Bank of England.

Went at an early age to Dr. Nicholas's school at Ealing, to the head of which he rapidly rose. Proceeded thence to Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1820.

In 1823, was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel.

In 1824, took Anglican orders and became curate of St. Clement's, Oxford; and was at this time secretary to local branch of Church Missionary Society.

In 1825, became Whately's vice-principal at St. Alban's Hall.

In 1826, became tutor of Oriel; and, in 1827, one of the examiners for the B.A. degree.

In 1828, was appointed vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, Oxford, with the outlying chaplaincy of Littlemore.

In 1832, finished *History of the Arians* and went abroad. Made acquaintance with Dr. Wiseman in Rome; seized with fever in Sicily, but said, "I shall not die—I have a work to do in England"; returning homewards in an orange boat bound for Marsailles, and within sight of Garibaldi's home at Caprera, wrote "Lead, kindly light!"

On July 13, 1833, the Sunday after his return home, the Oxford movement was begun by Keble's sermon on National Apostacy. The issue of *Tracts for the Times* immediately followed; and in 1834, Mr. Newman published a volume of *Parochial Sermons*, to be followed by *University Sermons*, and *Sermons on Holy Days*.

In 1841, meeting of Vice-Chancellor and heads of houses at Oxford, to censure Mr. Newman's Tract XC.

In 1843, resigned St. Mary's, and spent most of his time at his "monastery" at Littlemore. In a letter, dated October 25, of that year, he said: "It is not from disappointment, irritation, or impatience that I have, whether rightly or wrongly, resigned St. Mary's, but because I think the Church of Rome the Catholic

Church, and ours not a part of the Catholic Church, because not in communion with Rome, and because I feel that I could not honestly be a teacher in it any longer."

On October 9, 1845, was received into the Catholic Church, at Littlemore, by Father Dominic.

On November 1, 1845, confirmed at Oscott, by Cardinal Wiseman.

On February 23, 1846, left Oxford for Oscott, whither he was called by Dr. Wiseman, in whose vicariate Oxford lay.

On October 28, 1846, arrived in Rome, and, after a short period of study, was ordained priest.

On Christmas Eve, 1847, returned to England from Rome, to found an Oratorian community; proceeded in January, 1848, to Maryvale, removing thence in the course of the same year to St. Wilfred's, Cotton, Cheadle.

On January 25, 1849, entered into occupation, with part of his community, of a house in Alcester Street, Birmingham.

In 1849, took up temporary residence at Bilston, to nurse the poor during a visitation of cholera.

In April, 1849, founded the London Oratory, in King William Street, with Father Faber as rector.

On October 9, 1850, released the London community "with much regret and sorrowful hearts" from their obedience, and deputed them to erect a separate congregation.

On June 21, 1852, the case of Achilli against Dr. Newman came on for trial, before Lord Campbell, and after several days' duration, resulted in a verdict of "guilty," Dr. Newman being unjustly sentenced to a fine, and mulcted in enormous costs.

In 1854, went to Dublin as rector of the newly-founded Irish Catholic University, but resigned that post in 1858, and subsequently established a boys' school at Birmingham.

In January, 1864, in a review of Froude's *History of England*, Charles Kingsley made the charges of untruthfulness against the Catholic clergy, which led to the writing of the *Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ*.

In December, 1877, was elected an Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

In 1879, created Cardinal Deacon of the Holy Roman Church by Leo XIII.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

A SKETCH FROM ST. MARY'S.

[*One of several similar sketches "from memory" and otherwise, made in* 1840 *and* 1841, *mostly by undergraduates who were not conscious of the element of caricature inevitable in the work of amateurs. Perhaps a truer idea may be conveyed by a contemporary's portrait in words.*—ED.]

"He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. In both men there was an original force of character, which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by Nature to command others; both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers."

J. A. FROUDE.

OCTOBER 1885.

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